

THE
Maid in the Mill.

A
COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER



L O N D O N.

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DON Philippo, *King of Spain.*

Otrante, *a Spanish Count, in love with Florimel.*

Julio, *A Nobleman, Uncle to Antonio.*

Belides, *Father to Ismenia, Enemy to Julio.*

Lisauo, *Brother to Ismenia, Belides Son.*

Terzo, *Kinsman to Lisauo, and Friend to Belides.*

Antonio *in love with Ismenia, an Enemy to Belides.*

Martine, *Friend to Antonio, and his secret Rival.*

Geraſto, *Friend to Otrante.*

Pedro,

Moncado, } *Two Courtiers.*

Gostanzo,

Giraldo, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to Julio.*

Philippo,

Vertigo, *a French Taylor*

Lords attending the King in Progress.

Franio, *a Miller, supposed Father to Florimel.*

Bustopha, *Franio's Son, a Clown.*

Pedro, *a Songster.*

Constable.

Officers.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Ismenia, *Daughter to Belides, Mistress of Antonio.*

Aminta, *Cousin to Ismenia, and her private Competrix in Antonio's Love.*

Florimel, *supposed Daughter to Franio, Daughter to Julio stolen from him a Child.*

Gillian, *Franio the Miller's Wife.*

Country Maids.

S C E N E S P A I N.

T E



1600/1159

T H E

Maid in the Mill.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Lifauero, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

Lif. **L**ET the Coach go round, we'll walk along these Meadows,
And meet at Port again: Come my fair Sister,
These cool Shades will delight ye.

Amin. Pray be merry,
The Birds sing as they meant to entertain ye,
Every thing smiles abroad; methinks the River,
As he steals by, curls up his Head, to view ye:
Every thing is in Love: *Ism.* You would have it so.
You that are fair, are easie of belief, Cousin,
The theam slides from your Tongue.

Amin. I fair? I thank ye,
Mine's but Shadow when your Sun shines by me.
Ism. No more of this, you know your worth, *Aminta.*
Where are we now? *Amin.* Hard by the Town, *Ismenia.*
Ter. Close by the Gates. *Ism.* 'Tis a fine Air.

Lif. A delicate;
The way so sweet and even, that the Coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our Pleasures:
Methinks I am very merry. *Ism.* I am sad.

Amin. You are ever so when we entreat ye, Cousin.
Ism. I have no Reason; such a trembling here
Over my Heart methinks. *Amin.* Sure you are fasting,
Or not slept well to Night; some Dream, *Ismenia?*
Ism. My Dreams are like my Thoughts, honest and innocent,
Yours are unhappy; who are these that coast us?

The Maid in the Mill.

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You told me the Walk was private.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ter. 'Tis most commonly.

Ism. Two proper Men: It seems they have some business,
With me none sure; I do not like their Faces;
They are not of our Company. *Ter.* No, Cousin:
Lisauvo, we are dog'd. *Lis.* I find it, Cousin.

Ant. What handsome Lady?

Mar. Yes, she's very handsome;
They are handsome both.

Ant. *Martine*, stay we are cozen'd.

Mar. I will go up; a Woman is no Wild-fire.

Ant. Now by my Life she is sweet: Stay good *Martine*,
They are our Enemies, the House of *Belides*;
Our mortal Enemies. *Mar.* Let 'em be Devils,
They appear so handfomely, I will go forward;
If these be Enemies, I'll ne'er seek Friends more.

Ant. Prethee forbear the Gentlewomen.

Mar. That's it, Man,

That moves me like a Gin. 'Pray ye stand off, Ladies.

Lis. They are both our Enemies, both hate us equally;
By this fair Day our mortal Foes. *Ter.* I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
They shall have gaping work.

Ism. Why your Swords, Gentlemen?

Ter. Pray ye, stand you off, Cousin,
And good now leave your whistling, we are abus'd all:
Back, back, I say. *Lis.* Go back.

Ant. We are no Dogs, Sir,
To run back on Command.

Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.

Ant. Having a civil Charge of handsome Ladies,
We are your Servants; pray ye no Quarrel, Gentlemen,
There's way enough for both. *Lis.* We'll make it wider.

Ant. If you will fight; arm'd from this Saint, have at ye.

Ism. O me unhappy, are ye Gentlemen!
Discreet, and civil, and in open View thus?

Amin. What will Men think of us; nay you may kill us:
Mercy o' me, through my Petticoat; what bloody Gentlemen.

Ism. Make way through me, ye had best, and kill an Innocent,
Brother, why Cousin, by this Light I'll die too:

This Gentleman is temperate; be you merciful:

Alas, the Swords. *Amin.* You had best run me through,
I will be a valiant Thrust. *Ism.* I faint amongst ye.

Ant. Pray ye be not fearful: I have done, sweet Lady,
My Sword's already aw'd, and shall obey ye:

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I come not here to violate sweet Beauty,
I bow to that. *Ism.* Brother, you see this Gentleman,
This noble Gentleman. *Lis.* Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk. *Ant.* The Lady may command, Sir,
She bears an Eye more dreadful than your Weapon.

Ism. What a sweet Nature this Man has? Dear Brother,
Put up your Sword.

Ter. Let them put up, and walk, then.

Ant. No more loud Words, there's time enough before us:
For shame put up, do Honour to these Beauties.

Mar. Our way is this, we will not be deny'd it.

Ter. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.

Ant. What e'er your way is, Lady, 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude Hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues.

[*Exeunt.*

Ism. I thank ye, Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly; a brave Enemy,
Here's a sweet Temper now: This is a Man, Brother,
This Gentleman's Anger is so nobly seated,
That it becomes him, yours proclaim ye Monsters.
What if he be our House-Foe? we may brag on't;
We have ne'er a Friend in all our House so honourable:
I had rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy distances and modest difference,
Than from a Race of empty Friends, loud nothings:
I am hurt between ye.

Amin. So am I, I fear too. Dear Cousin,
Why look ye pale? Where are ye hurt?

Ism. I know not,
But here methinks. *Lis.* Unlace her, gentle Cousin.

Ism. My Heart, my Heart, and yet I bless the hurter.

Amin. Is it so dangerous? *Ism.* Nay, nay, I faint not.

Amin. Here is no Blood that I find, sure 'tis inward.

Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle Weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd, I fear. *Lis.* The Coach there.

Amin. May be a fright. *Ism.* *Aminta*, 'twas a sweet one,
And yet a cruel. *Amin.* Now I find the Wound plain:

A wondrous handsome Gentleman. *Ism.* Oh no deeper:
Prethee be silent, Wench, it may be thy case.

Amin. You must be search'd; the Wound will rangle, Cousin,
And of so sweet a Nature. *Ism.* Dear *Aminta*,
Make it not sorer.

Amin. And on my Life admires ye.

Ism. Call the Coach, Cousin.

Amin. The Coach, the Coach.

Ter. 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.

Lis. Well my brave Enemies, we shall yet meet ye,

And.

And our old Hate shall testify.

Ter. It shall, Cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ant. Their Swords, alas, I weigh 'em not, dear Friend,
The Indiscretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The Fury of the House affrights not me,
It spends it self in Words: Oh me, *Martine*,
There was a two-edg'd Eye, a Lady carry'd
A Weapon that no Valour can avoid,
Nor Art, the Hand of Spirit, put aside.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a Bullet
Wrapt in a Cloud of Fire; that Point, *Martine*,
Dazled my Sense, and was too subtle for me,
Shot like a Comet in my Face, and wounded,
To my eternal Ruin, my Heart's Valour.

Mar. Methinks she was no such piece.

Ant. Blaspheme not, Sir,
She is so far beyond weak Commendation,
That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.

Mar. I see it not, and yet I have both Eyes open,
And I could judge, I know there is no Beauty
'Till our Eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome;
What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green Face else; and methinks such another.

Ant. Peace thou lewd Heretick; thou Judge of Beauties?
Thou hast an excellent Sense for a Sign-Post, Friend,
Dost thou not see? I'll swear thou art soon blind else,
As blind as Ignorance; when she appear'd first
Aurora breaking in the East, and through her Face,
As if the Hours and Graces had strew'd Roses,
A Blush of Wonder flying; when she was frighted
At our uncivil Swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the Purity of Snow
The soft Wind drives, whiteness of Innocence,
Or any thing that bears celestial Paleness,
She appear'd o'th' sudden? Didst thou not see her Tears
When she entreated? O thou Reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient Tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A set, *Martine*,
Of such sanctified Beads, and a holy Heart to love,
I cou'd live ever a religious Hermit.

Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks

She

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She was of the lowest Stature. *Ant.* A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep. Nature's chief Art, *Martine*,
Is to reserve her Models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such an one
For fear she should exceed, upon her Matter
Has she fram'd this; oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,
And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention spoils 'em:
Martine learn this, the narrower that our Eyes
Keep way unto our Object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great Bodies are like Countries
Discovering still, Toil, and no Pleasure finds 'em.

Mar. A rare Cosmographer for a small Island,
Now I believe she is handsome. *Ant.* Believe heartily,
Let thy Belief, though long a coming, save thee.

Mar. She was, certain, fair.

Ant. But hark ye, Friend *Martine*,
Do not believe your self too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.

Mar. Who bid ye teach me?

Do you show me Meat, and stitch my Lips, *Antonio*?
Is that fair Play? *Ant.* Now if thou shouldst abuse me,
And yet I know thee for an errant Wencher,
A most immoderate thing, thou canst not love long.

Mar. A little serves my turn, I fly at all Games,
But I believe. *Ant.* How if we never see her more?
She is our Enemy. *Mar.* Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive she hates our whole House.

Ant. Yet, good *Martine*.

Mar. Come, come, I have mercy on ye:
You shall enjoy her in your Dream, *Antonio*,
And I'll not hinder; though now I persuade my self.

Enter Aminta with a Letter.

Ant. Sit with Persuasion down, and you deal honestly;
I will look better on her. *Mar.* Stay, who's this, Friend?

Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman? *Mar.* Yes, a Letter.
She brings no Challenge sure; if she do, *Antonio*,
I hope she'll be a Second too; I am for her.

Amin. A good Hour, Gentlemen.

Ant. You are welcome, Lady;
'Tis like our late rude Passage has pour'd on us
Some Reprehension. *Amin.* No, I bring no Anger,
Though some deserv'd it.

Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part, in all Humility
And with no little Shame, I ask your Pardons,

Indeed

Indeed I wear no Sword to fright sweet Beauties.

Amin. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye Sir, view it,
And my Commission's done.

Mar. Have ye none for me, Lady?

Amin. Not at this time.

Mar. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Amin. I am glad; but Sir, to keep you in your Exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.

Mar. Thank ye,
So it be a Woman's, I can pick the Meaning,
For likely they have but one end.

Amin. You say true, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Ant. *Martine*, my Wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave Return; most happy, happy,
I am a blessed Man; where's the Gentlewoman?

Mar. Gone, the Spirit's gone, what News?

Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we saw; from that same Miracle,
I know her Name now; read but these three Lines,
Read with Devotion, Friend, the Lines are holy.

Martine reads.

*I dare not chide ye in my Letter, Sir;
'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair Stone Window
Carv'd with white Cupid; there I'll entertain ye:
Night and Discretion guide ye.*

Call me Ismenia.

Ant. Give it me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I am all Fire.

Mar. There may be Danger. *Ant.* So there is to drink,
When Men are thirsty, to eat hastily
When we are hungry: So there is in Sleep, Friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us;
We may die laughing, choak'd even at Devotions:

An Apoplexy, or a sudden Palfie,
May strike us down, *Mar.* May be a Train to catch ye.

Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love answer for it,
'Tis not my Folly, but his Infamy.

And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things——

Mar. Well, I will go. *Ant.* She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy Spell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a Villany.

'Tis almost Night; away Friend. *Mar.* I am ready,
I think I know the House too.

Ant. Then are we happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

The Maid in the Mill.

SCENE III.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. Did you meet him? *Amin.* Yes.

Ism. And did you give my Letter?

Amin. To what end went I?

Ism. Are ye sure it was he?

Was it that Gentleman?

Amin. Do you think I was blind?

I went to seek no Carrier, nor no Midwife.

Ism. What kind of Man was he? Thou may'st be deceiv'd, Friend.

Amin. A Man with a Nose on's Face: I think he had Eyes too,
And Hands, for sure he took it. *Ism.* What an Answer?

Amin. What Questions are these to one that's hot and troubled?
Do you think me a Babe? Am I not able, Cousin,
At my Years and Discretion, to deliver
A Letter handsomely? Is that such a hard thing?
Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it:
A Sempster's Girl, or a Tailor's Wife will not miss it:
A Puritan Hostess, Cousin, would scorn these Questions.
My Legs are weary. *Ism.* I'll make 'em well again.

Amin. Are they at Supper? *Ism.* Yes, and I am not well,
Nor desire no Company: Look out, 'tis darkish.

Amin. I see nothing yet; assure your self, *Ismenia*,
If he be a Man, he will not miss.

Ism. It may be he is modest,
And that may pull him back from seeing me;
Or has made some wild Construction of my Easiness:
I blush to think what I writ.

Amin. What should ye blush at?
Blush when you act your Thoughts, not when you write 'em;
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I cannot think
He's so unnatural to leave a Woman,
A young, a noble, and a beauteous Woman,
Leave her in her Desires: Men of this Age
Are rather prone to come before they are sent for.
Hark, I hear something: Up to th' Chamber, Cousin,
You may spoil all else.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ism. Let me see, they are Gentlemen;
It may be they. *Amin.* They are they; get ye up,
And like a Land-star draw him.

Ism. I am shame-fac'd.

Ant. This is the Street.

Mart. I am looking for the House:

B

[Exit.

Close,

Close, close, pray ye close here.

Ant. No, this is a Merchant's;
I know the Man well:

Mar. And this a Potheecary's: I have lain here many times
For a looseness in my Hilt. *Ant.* Have ye not past it?

Mar. No sure:
There is no House of mark that we have scaped yet.

Ant. What place is this?

Mar. Speak softer, 'may be Spies;
If any, this, a goodly Window too,
Carv'd fair above, that I perceive; 'tis dark,
But she has such a Lustre,

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above with a Taper.

Ant. Yes Martine,
So radiant she appears.

Mar. Else we may miss, Sir:
The Night grows vengeance black, pray Heav'n she shine clear.
Hark, hark, a Window, and a Candle too.

Ant. Step close, 'tis she; I see the Cloud disperse,
And now the beauteous Planet. *Mar.* Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the Soul of Love a divine Creature.

Ism. Sir, Sir. *Ant.* Most blessed Lady.

Ism. Pray ye stand out.

Amin. You need not fear, there's no Body now stirring.

Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite strangely taken. *Amin.* I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble Body:

I love him heartily. *Ism.* 'Tis the right Gentleman;
But what to say to him, Sir. *Amin.* Speak.

Ant. I wait still,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this House, so it please you.

Ism. Speak softly,
And 'pray ye speak truly too.

Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.

Ism. And don't think me impudent to ask ye,
I know ye are an Enemy, speak low,
But I would make ye a Friend.

Ant. I am Friend to Beauty;
There's no Handsomeness, I dare be Foe to.

Ism. Are ye married? *Ant.* No.

Ism. Are ye betrothed? *Ant.* No, neither.

Ism. Indeed, fair Sir?

Ant. Indeed, fair Sweet, I am not.

Most beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.

Ism. That may be, Sir, then ye are miserable,

For

The Maid in the Mill.

For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the Bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your self for Pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than Liberty!
There is no blessedness but in such Bondage.
Give me that freedom, Madam, I beseech ye,
(Since you have question'd me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to; he must be certain
More than human, that bounds in such a Beauty;
Happy that happy Chain, such Links are Heav'nly.

Ism. Pray ye do not mock me, Sir.

Ant. Pray ye, Lady, tell me.

Ism. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not scorn what I speak? *Ant.* I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you say, I dare swear to.

Ism. I'll set the Candle by, for I shall blush now;
Fie, how it doubles in my Mouth? It must out,
'Tis you I am bound to. *Ant.* Speak that word again,
I understand ye not. *Ism.* 'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Here is another Gentleman. *Ism.* 'Tis you, Sir.

Amin. He may be lov'd too.

Mar. Not by thee, first curse me.

Ism. And if I knew your Name.

Ant. Antonio, Madam,

Ism. Antonio, take this Kiss, 'tis you I am bound to.

Ant. And when I set ye free, may Heav'n forsake me,

Ismenia. *Ism.* Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You have learn'd my Name.

Ant. Hear but some Vows I make to ye:
Hear but the Protestations of a true Love.

Ism. No, no, not now: Vows should be cheerful things,
Done in the clearest Light, and noblest Testimony:
No Vow, dear Sir, tie not my fair Belief
To such strict Terms; those Men have broken Credits,
Loose and dismembred Faiths, my dear Antonio,
That splinter 'em with Vows: Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please. *Ant.* I had rather hear ye,
For so sweet Musick never struck mine Ears yet:
Will you believe now?

Ism. Yes. *Ant.* I am yours.

Ism. Speak louder,
If ye answer the Priest so low, you will lose your Wedding.

Mar. Would I might speak, I would hollow.

Ant. Take my Heart,
And if be not firm and honest to you,
Heav'n

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Ism. Peace, no more: I'll keep your Heart and credit it.
Keep you your word; when will you come again, Friend?
For this time we have woo'd indifferently.
I wou'd fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why any Night; only, dear noble Mistress,
Pardon three Days, my Uncle *Julian*
Has bound me to attend him upon Promise,
Upon Expectation too; we have rare Sports there,
Rare Country Sports, I would you could but see 'em.
Dare ye so honour me? *Ism.* I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I must not, Friend,
Where I may come with honourable Freedom.
Alas, I am ill too, we in Love.

Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I am sickly,
And am in Love, but you must be Physician.

Ant. I'll make a Plaister of my best Affection.

Ism. Be gone, we have supp'd, I hear the People stir,
Take my best Wishes; give me no cause, *Antonio*,
To curse this happy Night. *Ant.* I'll lose my Life first:
A thousand Kisses.

Ism. Take ten thousand back again.

Mar. I am dumb with Admiration; shall we go, Sir? [*Exe.*

Ism. Dost thou know his Uncle?

Amin. No, but I can ask, Cousin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that, come let's to Bed both,
And give me handsome Dreams, Love, I beseech thee.

Amin. 'Has given ye a handsome Subject.

Ism. Pluck to the Windows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. **T**HE thundring Seas whose watry Fire washes
The whiting Mops:
The gentle Whale whose Feet so fell
Flies o'er the Mountains tops.

Fra. within. Boy.

Bust. The thundring.

Fra. Why Boy *Bustopha*.

Bust. Here I am; the gentle Whale.

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Sister?

Bust.

The Maid in the Mill.

Bust. The gentle Whale flies o'er the Mountain tops.

Fra. Where's your Sister, Man?

Bust. Washes the whiting-Mops.

Fra. Thou ly'st, she has none to wash Mops?

The Boy is half way out of his Wits, sure:

Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. The thundring Seas.

Fra. Mad, stark mad.

Bust. Will you not give a Man leave to Con?

Fra. Yes, and fesse too, e'er I have done with you Sirrah,
Am I your Father?

Bust. The Question is too hard for Child, ask me any thing
That I have learn'd, and I'll answer you.

Fra. Is that a hard Question? Sirrah, am not I your Father?

Bust. If I had my Mother-wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a Thief?

Bust. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Bust. Let it go by Eldership. The gentle Whale——

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish Study there,
And beat your Brains about your own Affair: or——

Bust. I thank you; you'd have me go under the Sails,
And beat my Brains about your Mill? a natural
Father you are.——

Fra. I charge you go not to the Sports to Day;
Last Night I gave you leave, now I recant.

Bust. Is the Wind turn'd since last Night?

Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill;
There's my Command upon you.

Bust. I may go round about then as your Mill does?
I will see your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in Steaks,
E'er I deceive the Country so; have I not my part to study?
How shall the Sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their Fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.

Bust. Consider that, and go your self.

Fra. I have fears, Sir, that I cannot utter,
You go not, nor your Sister; there's my Charge.

Bust. The price of your golden Thumb cannot hold me.

Fra. I, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd,
I could have kept Company with the Hounds.

Bust. You are fit for no other Company yet.

Fra. Run with the Hare, and been in the Whore's tail i' faith:

Bust. That was before I was born,
I did ever mistrust I was a Bastard,
Because *Lapis* is in the singular number with me.

Enter

The Maid in the Mill.

Enter Otrante and Geraſto.

Otr. Leave thou that Game, *Geraſto*, and chafe here;
Do thou but follow it with my deſires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I am prepar'd,
My Lord, with Advantages; and ſee
Yonder's the Subject I muſt work upon.

Otr. Her Brother 'tis: Methinks it ſhould be eaſie:
That groſs Compound cannot but diſſuſe
The Soul in ſuch a Latitude of eaſe,
As to make dull her Faculties, and lazie:
What Wit above the leaſt can be in him,
That Reaſon ties together?

Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that Fleſh about him; yes, and dragg
His Siſter after him: This baits the old one,
Rid you him, and leave me to the other.

[*Exit.*

Otr. 'Tis well: Oh *Franio*, the good Day to you;
You were not wont to hear this Muſick ſtanding;
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the firſt Rank of Huntſmen.

Buſt. The Dogs cry out of him now.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you elſe:

Buſt. Curr, Curr.

Fra. Slave, doſt call me Dog?

Otr. Oh ſie, Sir, he ſpeaks *Latine* to you,
He would know why you'll bite him.

Buſt. Reſponde cur; You ſee his Underſtanding, my Lord.

Fra. I ſhall have a time to curry you for this:
But, my Lord, to answer you, the Days have been
I muſt have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a-fire,
And let the Stones grind empty: But thoſe Dancings
Are done with me; I have good will to it ſtill,
And that's the beſt I can do,

Otr. Come, come, you ſhall be hors'd;
Your Company deſerves him, though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Buſt. He'll do't o'th' purpoſe, my Lord, to bring him up to the
Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my Lord.

Otr. There's a foot i'th' Stirrop; I'll not leave you now:
You ſhall ſee the Game fall once again.

Fra. Well my Lord, I'll make ready my Legs for you,

And

The Maid in the Mill.

51

And try 'em once a Horseback. Sirrah, my Charge, keep it. [Ex.]

Bust. Yes when you pare down your dish for Conscience sake,
When your Thumb's coin'd into *bone & legalis*,
When you are a true Man-Miller.

Otr. What's the matter *Bustopha*?

Bust. My Lord; if you have e'er a drunken Jade that has the
Staggers, that will fall twice the height of our Mill with him, set
him o' th' back on him, a galled *Jennet* that will winch him out o'
the Saddle, and break one on's Necks, or a shank of him; (there
was a Fool going that way, but the Ass had better luck;) or one
of your brave *Barbaries*, that would pass the Straits, and run into
his own Country with him; the first *Moor* he met, would cut his
Throat for Complexions sake, there's as deadly feud between a *Moor*
and a Miller, as between Black and White.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural, *Bustopha*,
Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be Judge, my Lord,
I am studied in my Part; the *Julian* Feast is to Day, the Country
expects me, I speak all the dumb shews; my Sister chosen for a
Nymph, the gentle Whale whose feet so fell: Cry mercy, that
was some of my part; but his Charge is to keep the Mill, and dis-
appoint the Revels. (peeping.)

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee, the Country ex-

Bust. I, and for mine own Grace too.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main Speaker too.

Bust. The main? Why all my Speech lies in the Main,
And the dry Ground together: The thundering Seas, whose, &c.

Otr. Nay, then you must go, thou'lt be much condemn'd else.
But then o' th' other side, Obedience.

Bust. Obedience? but speak you Conscience now my Lord; am
not I past asking Blessing at these Years? speak as you're a Lord,
if you had a Miller to your Father.

Otr. I must yield to you, *Bustopha*; your Reasons are so strong,
I cannot contradict: This I think, if you go, your Sister ought to
go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now: She is not at Age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.

Bust. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's Woman's ripe Age; as full as thou art at one and
twenty: She's manable, is she not?

Bust. I think not; poor Heart, she was never try'd, in my Con-
science 'tis a coy thing; she will not kiss you a Clown, not if he
would kiss her. *Otr.* What, Man?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleaner than I expected; well, Sir, I'll leave
you to your own; but Opinion is, you may take her along: this

is half way: the rest, *Geraſto*, and I hunt my Prey.— [Exit

Buſt. Away with the old Miller, my Lord, and the Mill ſtrikes ſail preſently.

Enter Pedro, with Geraſto, blind, ſinging.

S O N G.

Ger. Come follow me, you Country Lasses,
And you ſhall ſee ſuch Sport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing;
Pedro, he ſhall rub the String:
Each ſhall have a looſe-bodied Gown.
Of green, and laugh 'till you lye down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.
Enter Florimel.

Buſt. O ſweet *Diego*; the ſweeteſt *Diego*; ſtay, Siſter *Florimel*.

Flo. What's that, Brother?

Buſt. Didſt not hear *Diego*? hear him, and thou'lt be raviſh'd.

Flor. I have heard him ſing, yet unraviſh'd, Brother.

Buſt. You had the better Luck, Siſter. I was raviſh'd by my own Conſent; come away, for the Sports.

Flo. I have the Fear of a Father on me, Brother.

Buſt. Out; the Thief is as ſafe as in his Mill; he's hunting with our great Landlord, the Don *Otrante*. Strike up, *Diego*.

Flo. But ſay he return before us, where's our Excuse?

Buſt. Strike up *Diego*. Haſt no Strings to thy Apron?

Flo. Well the Fault lye upon your Head, Brother.

Buſt. My Faults never mount ſo high, Girl, they riſe but to my Middle at moſt. Strike up, *Diego*.

Ger. Follow me by the Ear, I'll lead thee on, *Buſtopha*, and pretty *Florimel* thy Siſter; oh that I could ſee her,

Buſt. Oh *Diego*, there's two Pities upon thee; great pity thou art blind; and as great a Pity, thou canſt not ſee.

S O N G.

Ger. You ſhall have Crowns of Roſes, Daiſies,
Buds, where the Honey-maker gazes;
You ſhall taſte the golden Thighs,
Such as in Wax-Chamber lyes.
What Fruit pleaſe you, taſte, freely pull,
'Till you have your Bellies full.

Come follow me, &c.

Buſt. Oh *Diego*, the Don was not ſo ſweet when he perfum'd the Steeple.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Mar. Why, how now, Friend, thou art not lost again?

Ant. Not lost? Why, all the World's a Wilderness;
Some Places peopl'd more by braver Beasts
Than others are; but Faces, Faces, Man,
May a Man be caught with Faces?

Mar. Without Wonder,
'Tis Odds against him: May not a good Face
Lead a Man about by th' Nose? 'las,
The Nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two Faces
Should be so twin'd in Form, Complexion,
Figure, Aspect? that neither Wen nor Mole,
The Table of the Brow, the Eye's Lustre,
The Lips cherry; neither the Blush nor Smile
Should give the one Distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in Molds?

Mar. Altogether.
We are all one Mold, one Dust.

Ant. Thy Reason's mouldy.
I speak from the Form, thou the Matter.
Why? was't not ever one of Nature's Glories,
Nay, her great Piece of wonder, that amongst
So many Millions Millions of her Works
She left the Eye Distinction, to cull out
The one from th' other; yet all one Name, the Face?

Mar. You must compare 'em by some other part
Of the Body, if the Face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her Name?

Mar. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, besides a Spoon
And what Apostle's Picture: She is cristened too,
In Token wherefore she is call'd *Isabella*,
The Daughter of a Country plow Swain by:
If this be not true, she lyes.

Ant. She cannot;
It would be seen a Blister on her Lip,
Should Falshood touch it, it is so tender:
Had her Name held, 'thad been *Ismenia*,
And not another of her Name.

Mar. Shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, if thou'lt speak truth: Is she not wondrous like?

Mar. As two Garments of the same Fashion,

C

Cut

Cut from the same piece; yet if any excel,
This has the first; and in my Judgment 'tis so.

Ant. 'Tis my Opinion.

Mar. Were it the Face,
Where mine Eye should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.

Ant. And yet the other is the Case of this.

Had I not look'd upon *Ismenia*,
I ne'er had staid beyond good Morrow's time
In view of this. *Mar.* Wou'd I could leave him here,
'Twere a free Passage to *Ismenia*:

I must now blow, as to put out the Fire,
Yet kindle't more. You not consider, Sir,
The great Disparity is in their Bloods,
Estates and Fortunes: There's the rich Beauty,
Which this poor Homeliness is not endow'd with,
There's difference enough. *Ant.* The least of all.

Equality is no Rule in Love's Grammar:
That sole Unhappiness is left to Princes
To marry Blood: We are free Disposers,
And have the Power to equalize their Bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due Debt from us. *Mar.* Ay, Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with your self at your Pleasure;
But as it is. *Ant.* As it is; tis nothing:
Their Powers will come too late, to give me back
The Yesterday I lost. *Mar.* Indeed, to say sooth,
Your Opposition from the other part
Is of more Force; there you run the Hazard
Of every Hour a Life, had you Supply;
You meet your dearest Enemy in Love
With all his Hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your *Ismenia* to come home to you,
Than you to go to Country *Isakel*.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush, 'tis not Fear removes me.

Mar. No more; your Uncle.

Jul. Oh, the good Hour upon you, Gentlemen:
Welcome Nephew; speak it to your Friend, Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his Acceptance. *Ant.* I made bold, Uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.

Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.

Jul. Here are Sports, Dons,
That you must look on with a loving Eye,

And

And without Censure, 'less it be giving
My Country Neighbours loves their yearly Offerings,
That must not be refus'd; though 't be more Pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor;
'Twill abide no more Test than the Tinsel
We clad our Masks in for an Hours wearing,
Or the Livery Lace sometimes on the Cloaks
Of a great Don's Followers: I speak no further
Than our own Country, Sir. *Mar.* For my part, Sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.

Jul. You'll find the Guest you look for: I heard, Cousin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other Day. *Ant.* Not late, Sir.

Jul. Oh fie! Must I be plainer? You chang'd the Point
With *Tirso* and *Lisauro*, two of the Stock
Of our Antagonists, the *Belides*.

Ant. A meer Proffer, Sir; the Prevention
Was quick with us: We had done somewhat else;
This Gentleman was engag'd in't. *Jul.* I am
The Enemy to his Foe for it: That wild-fire
Will crave more than fair Water to quench it,
I suspect. Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle Reconcilement,
But I do fear I shall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the Sports are coming on us;
Nay, I have more Guests to grace it: Welcome
Don *Gostanco*, *Girardo*, *Philippo*; Seat, seat all.

[*Musick.*

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a Fire, therefore you may lament him.

Mar. Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?

Jul. He's not without those Members, fear him not.

Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my Eyes are out.

Mar. I never heard Love give Reason for what he did before.

Enter Bustopha, for Paris.

Cup. Let such as can see, see such as cannot: Behold,
Our Goddeses all three strive for the Ball of Gold:
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopeful Youth of *roy*,
Queen *Hecub*'s darling Son, King *Priam*'s only Joy.

Mar. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for *Hector* rather.

Bust. *Paris* at this time: Pray you hold your prating.

Ant. *Paris* can be angry. *Jul.* Oh at this time
You must pardon him; he comes as a Judge.

Mar.—Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I. (*Mops.*

Bust. The thundring Seas whose watry Fins washes the Whiting

The gentle Whale, whose Feet so fell flies o'er the Mountain Tops;
No Roars so fierce, no Throats so deep, no Howls can bring such
As *Paris* can, if Garden from he calls his Dogs and Bears. (Fears,

Mar. Ay, those they were that I fear'd all this while.

Bust. Yes, *Jack-an-Apes*.

Mar. I thank you, good *Paris*.

(then:

Bust. You may hold your Peace, and stand further out o'th' way
The Lines will fall where they light,
Yes, *Jack-an-Apes*, he hath to Sports, and Faces make like Mirth,
Whilst bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts, do toss from Ground
Blind Bear there is, as *Cupid* blind. (to Earth:

Ant. That Bear would be whip'd for losing of his Eyes.

Bust. Be-whipped Man may see,

But we present no such Content, but Nymphs such as they be.

Ant. These are long Lines.

Mur. Can you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in 'em.

*Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminta, Florimel, (as Juno
Pallas, Venus) and three Nymphs attending.* (here,

Bust. Go *Cupid* blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must not speak
Let Shepherds sing with dancing Feet, and Cords of Musick break here.

S O N G.

(fall

Now Ladies fight, with Heels so light, by Lot your Luck must
Where *Paris* please, to do you Ease, and give the golden Ball.

[Dance.

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now, *Antonio*, where would you best owit?

Ant. I prithee, Friend,

Take the full Freedom of Thought, but no Words.

Mar. 'Protest there's a third, which by her Habit
Should personate *Venus*, and by Consequence
Of the Story, receive the Honour's Prize:
And were I a *Paris*, there it should be.

Do you note her?

Ant. No, mine Eye is so fixed,
I cannot move it.

Cup. The Dance is ended; now to Judgment, *Paris*.

Bust. Here *Juno*, here; but stay, I do espy
A pretty Gleek coming from *Pallas* Eye:
Here *Pallas*, here; yet stay again, methinks
I see the Eye of lovely *Venus* winks:
Oh close them both; shut in those golden Eyn;
And I will kiss those sweet blind Cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry, yes and *Pallas* frowns,
Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida's* Downs.
They both are fair, but *Venus* has the Mole,
The fairest Hair, and sweetest dimple Hole,

To

To her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one Man please three Ladies altogether?
No; take it *Venus*, toss it at thy Pleasure,
Thou art the Lovers Friend beyond his Measure.

Jul. *Paris* has done what Man can do, pleas'd one,
Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another Person.

Enter Geraſto, as Mars.

Ger. Come lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,
And mount with *Mars*, up to his glorious Sphere.

Buſt. How now, what's he?

Flo. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver Yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt fly thorough *Apollo's* Beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with *Mars* a sweet Conjunction.

Buſt. Ha! What Fellow's this? h'as carry'd away my Sister *Venus*:
He never rehears'd his Part with me before. [Exit]

Jul. What follows now, Prince *Paris*?

Flo. within — Help, help, help.

Buſt. Heu and Cry, I think Sir, this is *Venus's* Voice,
Mine own Sister *Florimel's*.

Mar. What, is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Buſt. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus* are in the old
Conjunction, it seems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus* never cries out when she
conjoints with *Mars*.

Buſt. That's true indeed; they are out of their Parts sure, it may
be 'tis the Book-holders Fault, I'll go see — [Exit]

Jul. How like you our Country Revels, Gentlemen?

All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

Ant. Methinks now

Juno and *Minerva* should take Revenge on *Paris*,
It cannot end without it.

Mar. I did expect,
Instead of *Mars*, the Storm-Goaler *Eolus*,
And *Juno* proffering her *Deiopeia*
As satisfaction to the blustering God,
To send his Tossers forth.

Jul. It may so follow,
Let's not prejudicate the History.

Enter Buſtopha.

Buſt. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Jul. So here's a Passion towards.

Buſt. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,
My *Venus*, she's stolen away.

Jul. The Story changes from our Expectation.

Bu

Bust. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me else, God *Mars* is a Bawdy Villain; he said she shou'd ride upon Doves: she's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.

Mar. Sure I think he's serious.

Bust. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horse in the Breech of her; the poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none of you will help.

Jul. Speak, is it the Show, or dost thou bawl?

Bust. A pox on the Ball: My Sister bawls, and I bawl; either bridle Horse and follow, or give me a Halter to hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a Hog.

Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Country with pursuit,
But I will find the Thief; my House thus abus'd?

Bust. 'Tis my House that's abus'd, the Sister of my Flesh and Blood; oh, oh. [Exeunt.]

1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all shift for our selves, if this be serious.

2 *Wench.* However I'll be gone.

3 *Wench.* And I. [Exeunt.]

Ant. You need not fright your Beauties, pretty Souls,
With the least pale Complexion of a Fear.

Mar. *Juno* has better Courage, and *Minerva's* more discreet.

Ism. Alas, my Courage was so counterfeit
It might have been struck from me with a Feather.
Juno ne'er had so weak a Presenter.

Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for *Minerva*,
That I find yet about me.

Ism. My Dwelling, Sir?

'Tis a poor Yeoman's Roof, scarce a League off,
That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle Pardon:

I vow my erring Eyes had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal Enemies

That our Family has. *Ism.* I'm sorry, Sir;

I am so like your Foe: 'Twere fit I hasted

From your offended Sight. *Ant.* Oh, mistake not,

It was my Error, and I do confess it:

You'll not believe you're Welcome; nor can I speak it,

But there's my Friend can tell you, pray hear him.

Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the Employment.

Ant. A Kinswoman to that Beauty.

Amin. A Kin to her, Sir,

But nothing to her Beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it, 'tis not far behind her.

Amin. Her hinder Parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.

Mar. Let me but kiss you with his Ardour now,
You shall feel how he loves you. *Ism.* Oh forbear;

'Tis

'Tis not the Fashion with us; but would you
Persuade me that he loves me? *Mar.* I'll warrant you
He dies in't, and that were Witness enough on't.

Ism. Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what Reason?

Mar. Fie, will you ask me that which you have about you?

Ism. I know nothing, Sir. *Mar.* Let him find it then;
He constantly believes you have the thing

That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely Beauty. *Ism.* So Sir; pray you

Show me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?

(I know you are his Bosome Counsellour.)

Nay then I see your Answer is not ready:

I'll not believe you, if you study farther.

Mar. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ism. Or speak no more.

Mar. There was a Smile thrown at him, from a Lady
Whose Deserts might buy him treble, and lately

He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it,

In this Face of yours: I know his Heart's within you.

Ism. May I know her Name?

Mar. In your Ear you may,
With vow of Silence.

Amin. He'll not give over, Sir,

If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.

Ant. But that's not the Answer to my Question.

Amin. You are the first in my Virgin-Conscience
That e'er spoke Love to her: Oh, my Heart!

Ant. How do you?

Amin. Nothing, Sir, but would I had a better Face.
How well your Pulse beats.

Ant. Healthfully, does it not?

Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.

Ism. Alack, I hear it

With much Pity: How great is your Fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?

Mar. You forget

The difficult Passage he has to her,
A Hell of Feuds between the Families.

Ism. And that has often Love wrought by Advantage
To peaceful Reconcilement. *Mar.* There impossible.

Ism. This way 'tis worser; 't may Seed again in her
Unto another Generation:

For where, poor Lady, is her Satisfaction?

Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her,
I'll go no farther for Comparison,

As dear as he loves you. *Ism.* How if she love not?

Mar.

Mar. Tush, be that my Pains: You know not what Art have those ways.

Ism. Beshrow you, you have practis'd upon me; Well, speed me here, and you with your *Ismenia*.

Mar. Go, the Condition's drawn, ready dated, There wants but your Hand to't.

Amin. Truly you have taken great Pains, Sir.

Mar. A friendly part, no more, sweet Beauty:

Amin. They are happy, Sir, have such Friends as you are. But do you know you have done well in this?

How will his Allies receive it? She, though I say't, Is of no better Blood than I am.

Mar. There I leave it, I'm at farthest that way.

Ism. You shall extend your Vows no larger now. My Heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.

Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.

I shall not leave you unsaluted long

Either by Pen or Person. *Ant.* You may discourse

With me, when you think 'y are alone, I shall

Be present with you.

Ism. Come Cousin, will you walk?

Amin. Alas, I was ready long since: In Conscience You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dst been so blind.

Mar. You'll answer this, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ant. If e'er't be spoke on:

I purpose not to propound the Question.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor Knave said; some Ravisher, Some of Lust's Blood-Hounds have seiz'd upon her:

The Girl is hurry'd, as the Devil were with 'em,

And help'd their Speed. *Mar.* It may not be so ill, Sir.

A well-prepar'd Lover may do as much

In hot Blood as this, and perform'd honestly.

Jul. What? steal away a Virgin against her Will?

Mar. It may be any Man's Case; despise nothing:

And that's a Thief of a good Quality,

Most commonly he brings his Theft home again,

Though with a little Shame. *Jul.* There's a Charge by't

Fall'n upon me: *Paris* (the Miller's Son)

Her Brother, dares not venture home again,

'Till better Tidings follow of his Sister.

Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the Mischance, Sir.

Had I gone a boot-haling, I should as soon

Have stoll'n him as his Sister: Marry then,

To render him back in the same Plight he is

May be costly; his Flesh is not maintain'd with little.

Jul. I think the poor Knave will pine away,
He cries all to be pitied yonder.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, let's go see him: I shou'd laugh
To see him cry, sure. *Jul.* Well, you are merry, Sir.

Antonio, keep this Charge; I have Fears
Move me to lay it on you: Pray forbear
The ways of your Enemies, the *Belides*.
I have reason for my Injunction, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Aminta, as a Page, with a Letter.

Ant. To me, Sir? From whom?

Amin. A Friend, I dare vow, Sir,
Though on the Enemies part: The Lady *Ismenia*.

Mar. Take heed, blush not too deep; let me advise you
In your Answer, 't must be done heedfully.

Ant. I should not see a Masculine in peace
Out of that House.

Amin. Alas, I'm a Child, Sir;
Your Hates cannot last 'till I wear a Sword.

Ant. Await me for your Answer.

Mar. He must see her,
To manifest his Shame; 'tis my Advantage;
While our Blood's under us, we keep above,
But then we fall, when we do fall in Love.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. **M**Y Lord, my Lord, your House hath injur'd me,
Rob'd me of all the Joys I had on Earth.

Jul. Where wert thou brought up, Fellow?

Fra. In a Mill.

You may perceive it by my loud Exclaims,
Which must rise higher yet.

Jul. Obstreperous Carle,
If thy Throat's Tempest could o'er-turn my House,
What Satisfaction were it for thy Child?

Turn thee the right way to thy Journeys end.

Wilt have her where she is not? *Fra.* Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after;

From whence, until I meet a Pow'r to punish,
I will not rest: You are not quick to Grief.

Your hearing's a dead Sense. Were yours the Loss,

D

Had

Had you a Daughter, perhaps be-whor'd,
 (For to what other end should come the Thief?)
 You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high.
 But being not a Sorrow of your own,
 You have no Help nor Pity for another.

Jul. Oh, thou hast op'd a S'vice was long shut up,
 And let a Flood of Grief in; a buried Grief
 Thy Voice hath wak'd again, a Grief as old
 As likely 'tis thy Child is; Friend, I tell thee,
 I did once lose a Daughter. *Fra.* Did you, Sir?

Beseech you then, how did you bear her Loss?

Jul. With thy Grief trebled. *Fra.* But was she stolen from you?

Jul. Yes, by devouring Thieves, from whom cannot
 Ever return a Satisfaction:

The wild Beasts had her in her swathing Cloaths:

Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.

Jul. Away tough Churl.

Fra. Why, she was better eaten than my Child,
 Better by Beasts, than beastly Men devoured:
 They took away a Life, no Honour from her:
 Those Beasts might make a Saint of her; but these
 Will make my Child a Devil. But was she, Sir,
 Your only Daughter?

Enter Gilian.

Jul. I ne'er had other, Friend.

Gil. Where are you, Man? Your Business lies not here,
 Your Daughter's in the Pound, I have found where;
 'Twill cost you dear, her Freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down, and free her without pay:
 Horse-Locks nor Chains shall hold her from me.

Jul. I'll take this Relief.

I now have time to speak alone with Grief.

[Exit.]

Fra. How? My Landlord? He's Lord of my Lands,
 But not my Cattel: I'll have her again *Gil.*

Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.

Fra. No *Gill* I have been mad these five Hours:
 I'll sell my Mill, and buy a roaring.
 I'll batter down his House, and make a Stews on't.

Gil. Will you gather up your Wits a little,
 And hear me? The King's near by in Progress,
 Here I have got our Supplication drawn,
 And there's the way to help us. *Fra.* Give it me, *Gil.*
 I will not fear to give it to the King:

To his own Hands, God bless him, will I give it,
 And he shall set the Law upon their Shoulders,
 And hang 'em all that had a Hand in it.

Gil. Where's your Son?

Fra.

Fra. He shall be hang'd in Flitches:
The Dogs shall eat him in *Lent*, there's Cat's Meat
And Dog's Meat enough about him.

Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the Count's Whore by this Time.

Fra. If she be the Count's Whore, the Whore's Count
Shall pay for it. He shall pay for a new Maiden-Head.

Gil. You are so violous: This I'm resolv'd,
If she be a Whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every Man had his Right,
She's none of our Child, but a meer Foundling,
(And I can guess the Owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her. *Fra.* *Gil.*, no more of that,
I'll cut your Tongue out, if you tell those Tales.
Hark, hark, these *Toaters* tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lisauro, Terfa, Pedro, and Moncado

Lis. Does the King remove to Day?

Ter. So say the Harbingers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the Progress.

Ped. He hunts this Morning, Gentlemen,
And dines i' th' Fields: The Court is all in Readiness.

Lis. *Pedro*, did you send for this Tailor? or you *Moncado*?
This light *French* Demi-Lance that follows us.

Ped. No, I assure ye on my Word, I am guiltless,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Mon. I am not quit I am sure: There is a Reckoning
Of some four scarlet Cloaks, and two lac'd Suits
Hangs on the File still, like a fearful Comet,
Makes me keep off. *Lis.* I am in too, Gentlemen,
I thank his Faith, for a Matter of three hundred.

Ter. And I for two: What a Devil makes he this Way?
I do not love to see my Sins before me.

Ped. 'Tis the Vacation, and these things break out
To see the Court, and glory in their Debtors.

Ter. What do you call him? for I never love
To remember their Names that I owe Mony to,
'Tis not gentile; I shun 'em like the Plague ever.

Lis. His Name's *Vertigo*; hold your Heads, and wonder,
A *Frenchman*, and a Founder of new Fashions:
The Revolutions of all Shapes and Habits
Run madding through his Brains.

Enter *Vertigo*.

Mon. He's very brave.

Lis. The Shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Makes him a mighty Man: He comes, have at ye.

Ver. Save ye together, my sweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking — *Ter.* Not for Mony, Sir?
You know the hard time. *Ver.* Pardon me, sweet Signior;
Good Faith the least Thought in my Heart; your Love, Gentlemen,
Your Love's enough for me: Mony, hang Mony:
Let me preserve your Love. *Lif.* Yes marry shall ye,
And we our Credit; you would see the Court?

Mon. He shall see every Place.

Ver. Shall I i' faith, Gentlemen?

Ped. The Cellar, and the Buttery, and the Kitchen;
The Pastry, and the Pantry. *Ter.* Ay, and taste too
Of every Office, and be free of all too;
That he may say when he comes home in Glory.

Ver. And I will say, i' faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too: Shall I see the King also?

Lif. Shalt see him every Day: Shalt see the Ladies
In their *French* Cloaths, shalt ride a hunting with him,
Shalt have a Mistress too. We must fool handsomly,
To keep him in Belief we honour him,
He may call on us else. *Ped.* A Pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own House for salt Butter.

Ver. And when the King puts on a new Suit,

Ter. Thou shalt see it first,
And dissect his Doublets, that thou may'st be perfect.

Ver. The Wardrobe I wou'd fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe. *Lif.* Thou shalt see it,
And see the Secret of it, dive into it:

Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations
Of Fashions five Years hence. *Ver.* Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me. *Ter.* Any thing i' th' Court, Sir,
Or within the Compass of a Courtier.

Ver. My Wife shall give ye Thanks.

Ter. You shall see any thing.

The privatest place, the Stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your Bounties, Gentlemen,
In such abundance. *Lif.* I will shew thee presently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open View, that thou may'st tell thy Neighbours
Over a Shoulder of Mutton, thou hast seen something,
Nay, thou shalt present the King for this time.

Ver. Nay, I pray, Sir.

Lif. That thou may'st know what State there does belong to it;
Stand there I say, and put on a sad Countenance,
Mingled with height: Be cover'd, and reserv'd;
Move like the Sun, by soft Degrees, and glorious.
Into your Order, Gentlemen, uncover'd.

The

The King appears; we'll sport with you awhile, Sir;
I am sure you are merry with us all the Year long, Taylor,
Move softer still, keep in that fencing Leg, *Monsieur*,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franio out of Breath.

Ter. What's this that appears to him?

Lis. 'Has a Petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we are made. *Fra.* This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay Clothes.

Lis. Now bear your self, that you may say hereafter.

Fra. I have recover'd Breath, I'll speak unto him presently.
May it please your gracious Majesty to consider
A poor Man's Case? *Ver.* What's your Will, Sir?

Lis. You must accept, and read it.

Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my life for't.

Ped. How he mumps and bridles: He will never cut Clothes again;

Ver. And what's your grief?

Mon. He speaks i'th' Nose like his Goose.

Fra. I pray you read there; I am abus'd and frumpt, Sir,
By a great Man that may do ill by Authority;
Poor honest Men are hang'd for doing less, Sir:
My Child is stoll'n, the Count *Otrante* stole her;
A pretty Child she is, although I say it,
A handsome Mother, he means to make a Whore of her,
A Silken Whore, his Knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd Knaves, that do him beastly Offices:
I kneel for Justice. Shall I have it, Sir?

Enter King Philipppo, and Lords.

Pbil. What Pageant's this? *Lis.* The King:
Tailor, stand off, here ends your Apparition:
Miller turn round, and there address your Paper;
There, there's the King indeed.

Fra. May it please your Majesty.

Pbil. Why didst thou kneel to that Fellow?

Fra. In good Faith, Sir,
I thought he had been a King, he was so gallant,
There's none here wears such Gold. *Pbil.* So foolishly,
You have golden Business sure; because I am homely
Clad, in no glittering Suit, I am not look'd on.
Ye Fools that wear gay Cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your End calls on you?
Will Gold preserve ye from the Grave? Or Jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings;
Unto your Bodies minister warm Raiments;
Wholesome and good; glitter within, and spare not.
Let my Court have rich Souls, their Suits I weigh not.

And

And what are you that took such State upon ye?
Are ye a Prince? *Lis.* The Prince of Tailors, Sir:
We owe some Mony to him, an't like your Majesty.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more; be modefter;
And you less faucy, Sir; and leave this Place:
Your Pressing-iron will make no perfect Courtier.
Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor Neighbours;
Show such another Pride, I'll have ye whipt for't;
And get worse Clothes, these but proclaim your Felony.
And what's your Paper? *Fra.* I beseech you read it.

Phil. What's here? the Count *Otrante* task'd for a base Villany,
For stealing of a Maid? *Lord.* The Count *Otrante*?
Is not the Fellow mad, Sir? *Fra.* No, no, my Lord,
I am in my Wits, I am a labouring Man,
And we have seldom Leisure to run mad;
We have other Business to employ our Heads in,
We have little Wit to lose too: if we complain,
And if a heavy Load lye on our Shoulders,
Worse than a Sack of Meal, and oppress our Poverties,
We are mad straight, and whop'd, and ty'd in Fetters,
Able to make a Horse mad, as you use us;
You are mad for nothing, and no Man dare proclaim it
In you a Wildness is a noble Trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all Men must love it:
Oppressions of all sorts, sit like new Cloaths,
Neatly and handsomely upon your Lordships;
And if we kick when your Honours spur us,
We are Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Justice;
I am a true Miller. *Phil.* Then thou art a Wonder.

2 Lord. I know the Man reputed for a good Man,
An honest and substantial Fellow. *Phil.* He speaks Sense,
And to the Point: Greatness begets much Rudeness.
How dare you, Sirrah, 'gainst so main a Person,
A Man of so much noble Note and Honour,
Put up this base Complaint? Must every Peasant
Upon a saucy Will affront great Lords?
All Fellows, Miller? *Fra.* I have my Reward, Sir.
I was told one Greatness would protect another,
As Beams support their Fellows; now I find it:
If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I am ready,
'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief dispatch'd:
Though I steal Bread, I steal no Flesh to tempt me.
I have a Wife, an't please him to have her too,
With all my Heart; 'twill make my Charge the less, Sir,
She'll hold him play awhile: I have a Boy too,
He's able to instruct his Honour's Hogs,

The Maid in the Mill.

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Or rub his Horse-heels; when it please his Lordship
He may have him his Slave too, or his Bawd:
The Boy is well bred, can exhort his Sister:
For me, the Prison, or the Pillory,
To lose my Goods, and have mine Ears cropt off;
Whipt like a Top, and have a Paper stuck before me,
For abominable Honesty to his own Daughter,
I can endure, Sir; the Miller has a stout Heart,
Tough as his Toal-pin. *Phil.* I suspect this shrewdly,
Is it his Daughter that the People call
The Miller's fair Maid? *2 Lord.* It should seem so, Sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i'th' right, Sirrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,
Be sure you hang me, I will ask no Courtesie:
Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir.
She may be fair, and she may be abused too:
A King is not exempted from these Cases,
Stollen from your loving Care. *Phil.* I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heav'n forbid she should be in that Venture
That mine is in at this Hour: I'll assure your Grace
The Lord wants a Water-Mill, and means to grind with her:
Would I had his Stones to set, I would fit him for it.

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye farther,
And keep this private all upon your Loyalties:
To Morrow Morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the less lookt for, I'll break my Fast with the good Count.
No more, away, all to our Sports, be silent. [*Exeunt.*]

Ver. What Grace shall I have now?

Lif. Chuse thine own Grace,
And go to Dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*;
We must needs follow the King.

Ter. You heard the Sentence. *Mon.* If you stay here
I'll send thee a Shoulder of Venison;
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the Dogs.

Ped. Or thou shalt be special Tailor to the King's Monkey,
'Tis a fine Place; we cannot stay. *Ver.* No Mony,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen? *Ter.* 'Tis too early, Tailor,
The King has not broke his Fast yet.

Ver. I shall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.

Ped. Thou shalt not miss us:
Prethee provide some Cloaths, and dost thou hear *Vertigo*,
Commend me to thy Wife: I want some Shirts too.

Ver. I have Chambers for ye all. *Lif.* They are too musty.
When

When they are clear we'll come. *Ver.* I must be patient
And provident, I shall never get home else. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante and Florimel.

Otr. Prethee be wiser Wench, thou canst not scape me,
Let me with Love and Gentleness enjoy that
That may be still preserv'd with Love, and long'd for:
If Violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee,
And after I have enjoy'd thy Maidenhead,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me
I shall despise thee, cast thee off. *Flor.* I pray ye Sir,

Begin it now, and open your doors to me,
I do confess I am ugly; let me go, Sir:

A Gipsy-girl: Why would your Lordship touch me?

Fie, 'tis not noble: I am homely bred,

Coarse and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?

There be young Ladies, many that will love ye,

That will dote on ye: You a handsome Gentleman,

What will they say when once they know your Quality?

A Lord, a Miller? Take your Toal-dish with ye,

You that can deal with Gudgeons and coarse Flour,

'Tis pity you should taste what Manchet means;

Is this fit, Sir, for your Repute and Honour?

Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flo. You cannot, there's no Sympathy

Between our Births, or Breeding, Arts, Conditions;

And where these are at Difference, there's no liking:

This hour it may be I seem handsome to you,

And you are taken with Variety

More than with Beauty; to Morrow when you have enjoy'd

Your Heat and Lust asswag'd, and come to examine

Out of a cold and penitent Condition,

What you have done, whom you have shar'd your Love with,

Made Partner of your Bed, how it will vex ye,

How you will curse the Devil that betray'd ye,

And what shall become of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flo. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me,

As precious as this Beauty shew'd unto ye,

You'll kick me out of Doors, you will Whore, and ban me;

And if I prove with Child with your fair Issue,

Give me a Pension of five Pound a Year

To breed your Heir withal, and so good speed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a Woman.

Flo.

Flo. I'll keep my self, Sir,
Keep my self honest, Sir, there's the brave Keeping:
If you'll marry me. *Orr.* Alas, poor *Florimel*.

Flo. I do confess I am too coarse and base, Sir,
To be your Wife, and it is fit you scorn me,
Yet such as I have crown'd the Lives of great ones:
To be your Whore I am sure I am too worthy,
(For by my troth, Sir, I am truly honest)
And that's an Honour equal to your Greatness.

Orr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flo. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that Peace, and then you give abundance.
I know you do but try me, ye are noble,
All these are but to try my Modesty.
If you should find me easie, and once coming,
I see your Eyes already how they would fright me;
I see your honest Heart how it would swell
And burst it self into a Grief against me.
Your Tongue in noble Anger, now, even now, Sir,
Ready to rip my loose Thoughts to the Bottom,
And lay my Shame unto my self, wide open:
You are a noble Lord, you pity poor Maids,
The People are mistaken in your Courses:
You, like a Father, try 'em to the uttermost;
As they do Gold, you purge the Dross from them,
And make them shine.

Orr. This Cunning cannot help ye:
I love ye to enjoy: I have stolen ye
To enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with Circumstance:
Yield willingly, or else——

Flo. What? *Orr.* I will force ye:
I will not be delay'd; a poor base Wench,
That I in courtesie make offer to,
Argue with me?

Flo. Do not, you will lose your Labour,
Do not, my Lord, it will become ye poorly:
Your Courtesie may do much on my Nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender:
If you compel, I have my Strengths to fly to,
My honest Thoughts, and those are Guards about me:
I can cry too, and Noise enough I dare make,
And I have Curses, that will call down Thunder,
For all I am a poor Wench, Heav'n will hear me:
My Body you may force, but my Will never;
And be sure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no Tongue to tell your beastly Story,

For if I have, and if there be a Justice——

Orr. Pray ye go in here: I'll calm my self for this time,
And be your Friend again. *Flor.* I am commanded.

Exit.

Orr. You cannot scape me, yet I must enjoy ye,
I'll lie with thy Wit, though I miss thy Honesty;
Is this a Wench for a Boor's hungry Bosome?
A Morfel for a Peasant's base Embraces?
And must I starve, and the Meat in my Mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter Geraſto.

Ger. How now my Lord, how speed ye?
Have ye done the Deed? *Orr.* No, pox on't, she's honest.

Ger. Honest, what's that? You take her bare Denial.
Was there ever Wench brought up in a Mill, and honest?
That were a Wonder worth a Chronicle.

Is your Belief so large? What did she say to ye?

Orr. She said her Honesty was all her Dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how dishonourable it would seem in me
To act my Will, popt me i'th' Mouth with Modesty.

Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? That's their Trick ever.

Orr. And then discours'd to me very learnedly,
What Fame and loud Opinion would tell of me:
A Wife she touch'd at. *Ger.* Out upon her Varlet,
Was she so bold? These home-spun things are Evils,
They'll tell ye a thousand Lyes, if you'll believe 'em;
And stand upon their Honours like great Ladies,
They'll speak unhappily too: Good words to cozen ye,
And outwardly seem Saints, they'll cry down-right also,
But 'tis for Anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with Child?

Orr. She touch'd at it.

Ger. The Trick of an arrant Whore to milk your Lordship;
And then a Pension nam'd? *Orr.* No, no, she scorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing, but she refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident Hate.

Ger. You thought so,
You should have taken her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th' Strength of all her Resolution, flatter'd her,
And shak'd her stubborn Will; she would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely: They must seem modest,
It is their Parts; if you had plaid your Part, Sir,
And handl'd her as Men do woman'd Hawks,
Cast her, and mald her up in good clean Linnen,
And there have coyed her, you had caught her Heart-strings.

These

These tough Virginities they blow like white Thorns,
In Storms and Tempests. *Otr.* She is beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Crystal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, she longs to be ravish'd;
Some have no pleasure but in Violence;
To be torn in pieces is their Paradise:
'Tis ordinary in our Country, Sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their Sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly,
And then they swear they'll hang the Man comes near 'em,
And swear it on his Lips too. *Otr.* No, no forcing,
I have another Course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your Fellows,
That when you see her next, disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out 'th' Doors o'th' sudden,
And leave her to Conjecture, then seize on her.
Away, be ready straight. *Ger.* We shall not fail, Sir,
Otr. Florimel.

[Exit.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. My Lord.

Otr. I am sure you have now consider'd,
And like a wise Wench weigh'd a Friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud Thoughts, and cast your Scorn off.

Flor. My Lord, I am not proud, I was never beautiful.
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can ye love yet? You told me
Kindness would far compel ye: I am kind to ye,
And mean to exceed that Way.

Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with Modesty,
With Honour, and with Honesty I would yield to ye:
Good my Lord, take some other Theme; for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden, Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his most mystick Art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with Lust, which is an Heresie,
A foul one too, to learn that in my Childhood:
O good my Lord.

Otr. You will not out of this Song,
Your Modesty, and Honesty, is that all?
I will not force ye. *Flo.* Ye are too noble, Sir.

Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite Price
It may be you expect. *Flo.* I expect your Pardon,
And a Discharge, my Lord, that's all I look for,

Otr. No, nor fall sick for Love.

Flo. 'Tis a healthful Year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o' doors, and scorn ye.

Flo. Thank ye, my Lord.

Otr. A proud slight Peat I found ye,
A Fool it may be too. *Flo.* An honest Woman,
Good my Lord think me. *Otr.* And a base I leave ye,
So fare ye well. [Exit.

Enter Geraſto and Servants.

Ger. What doſt thou ſtay for? doſt thou not know the Way,
Thou baſe unprovident Whore?

Flo. Good Words, pray ye Gentlemen.

1 *Ser.* Has my Lord ſmoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken, that you ſtand ſo uſeleſs?

2 *Ser.* An impudent Quean, upon my life ſhe's unwholeſome,
Some baſe diſcarded thing my Lord has found her,
He would not have turn'd her off o'th' ſudden elſe.

Ger. Now againſt every Sack, my honeſt Sweet-heart,
With every *Smig* and *Smug*. *Flo.* I muſt be patient.

Ger. And every greaſie Gueſt, and ſweaty Rascal
For his Royal hire between his Fingers, Gentlewoman.

1 *Ser.* I fear thou haſt given my Lord the—— thou damn'd thing.

2 *Ser.* I have ſeen her in the Stews. *Ger.* The Knave her Father
Was Bawd to her there, and kept a Tipling-houſe,
You muſt even to it again: a modeſt Function.

Flo. If ye had Honeſty, ye would not uſe me
Thus baſely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye;
But he that knows. *Ger.* Away thou carted impudence,
You Meat for every Man: A little Meal
Flung in your Face, makes you appear ſo proud.

Flo. This is inhuman. Let theſe Tears perſwade you,
If ye be Men, to uſe a poor Girl better;
I wrong not you, I am ſure I call you Gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What Buſineſs is here? away, are you not gone yet?

Flo. My Lord this is not well: altho' you hate me,
For what I know not, to let your People wrong me,
Wrong me maliciously, and call me—— *Otr.* Peace,
And mark me what we ſay adviſedly;
Mark, as you love that that you call your Credit?
Yield now, or you are undone; your good Name's periſh'd,
Not all the World can buy your Reputation;
'Tis ſunk for ever elſe, theſe People's Tongues will poiſon ye,
Though you be white as Innocence they'll taint ye,
They will ſpeak terrible and hideous things,
And People in this Age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a Woman;
Conſider this, and then be wiſe and tremble,

Yield

Yield yet; and yet I'll save ye.

Flo. How? *Otr.* I'll show ye;
Their Mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is honourable and honest of ye,
And Saint-like they shall worship ye: They are mine,
And what I charge them, *Florimel.*

Flo. I am ruin'd,
Heav'n will regard me yet, they are barbarous Wretches:
Let me not fall, my Lord. *Otr.* You shall not, *Florimel.*
Mark how I'll work your Peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Geraſto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, Sir

Otr. Who dare ſay this ſweet Beauty is not heav'nly?
This Virgin, the moſt pure, the moſt untainted,
The holieſt thing? *Ger.* We know it, my dear Lord.
We are her Slaves; and that proud Impudence
That dares diſparage her, this Sword, my Lord.

1 Ser. They are Rascals, baſe, the Sons of common Women;
That wrong this Virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her; when we ſlight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i'th' Gallies.

2 Ser. Brand us for Villains.

Flo. Why ſure I dream; theſe are all Saints.

Otr. Go, and live all her Slaves.

Ger. We are proud to do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Otr. What think ye now? Am not I able, *Florimel,*
Yet to preſerve ye?

Flo. I am bound to your Lordſhip,
Ye are all Honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Untill to Morrow, leave to weigh my Fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleaſing,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to ſatiſſie ye.

Otr. Take your good time; this Kiſs, till then farewel, Sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martine, and Buſtopha:

Mar. **B**Y all means diſcharge your Follower.

Ant. If we can get him off; Sirrah, *Buſtopha,*
Thou muſt needs run back.

Buſt. But I muſt not, unleſs you ſend
A Bier, or a Liſtor at my Back, I do not uſe to run
From my Friends.

Ant.

Ant. Well, go will serve turn; I have forgot.

Bust. What, Sir? *Ant.* See if I can think on't now.

Bust. I know what 'tis now. *Ant.* A Pistolet of that.

Bust. Done, you have forgot a Device to send me away,
You are going a smocking perhaps.

Mar. His own, due, due i' faith *Antonio*,

The Pistolet's his own. *Ant.* I confess it,
There 'tis; now if you could afford out of it.

A reasonable Excuse to mine Uncle. *Bust.* Yes, I can,
But an Excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a Lye, a full
Lye, 'twill do no good else; if you'll go to the price of that?

Ant. Is a Lye dearer than an Excuse?

Bust. Oh, treble; this is the price of an Excuse; but a Lye is two
more; look how many Foils go to a fair Fall, so many Excuses to
a full Lye, and less cannot serve your turn, let any Tailor i' th' Town
make it.

Mar. Why 'tis reasonable, give him his Price:
Let it be large enough now.

Bust. I'll warrant you, cover him all over.]

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Bust. What? scale my Invention before hand? you shall pardon
me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and tell him
you'll be at home at Supper with him.

Ant. By no means, I cannot come to Night, Man.

Bust. I know that too, you do not know a Lye when you see it.

Mar. Remember it must stretch for all Night.

Bust. I shall want stuff, I doubt 'twill come to the other *Pistolet*.

Ant. Well, lay out, you shall be no loser, Sir.

Bust. It must be faced, you know, there will a yard of Dissimu-
lation at least City-measure, and cut upon an Untroth or two lined
with Fables, that must needs be, cold Weather's coming; if it had
a Gallon of Hypocrisie, 'twould do well; and hooked together with
a Couple of Conceits, that's necessity; well, I'll bring in my Bill:
I'll warrant you as fair a Lye by that time I have done with it, as a-
ny Gentleman i' th' Town can swear to, if he would betray his
Lord and Master. [Exit.

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mar. I would you had bought an Excuse of him
Before he went; you'll want one for *Ismenia*.

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no Suspicion yet,
And I'll be arm'd before the next Encounter,
In a fast tye with my fair *Isabel*.

Enter Bustopha.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your Errand is before you now.

Bust. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are Men of another
World else; your Enemies are upon you; the old House of the
Belides will fall upon your Heads: Signior *Lisauro*. *Ant.*

Ant. *Lisauvo?*

Bust. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman: yet he has but a Yeoman's Name, *Don Tarso, Tarso*, and a dozen at their Heels.

Ant. *Lisauvo, Tarso*, nor a dozen more
Shall fright me from my Ground, nor shun my Path,
Let 'em come on in their ablest Fury.

Mar. 'Tis worthily resolv'd; I'll stand by you, Sir,
This way, I am thy true Friend.

Bust. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell what's become of you. Put up, put up; will you never learn to know a Lye from an *Esop's* Fables? There's a taste for you now. [Exit.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Mar. Look, Sir, what time of Day is it?

Ant. I know not, my Eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now;
I prethee tell me, *Martin*, if thou canst,
Is that *Ismenia* or *Isabella*?

Mar. This is the Lady, forget not *Isabella*.

Ant. If this Face may be borrowed and lent out;
If it can shift Shoulders, and take other Tyres,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it.

Ism. Be sudden.

[Exit Aminta.

I cannot hold out long.

Mar. Believe't, she frowns.

Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't;
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer?
How do you do, Lady, since yesterday's Pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith ———

Ism. I think you were.

Ant. What, Lady?

Ism. Weary of your Faith; 'tis a burthen
That Men faint under, though they bear little of it.

Mar. So, this is to the purpose.

Ant. You came home
In fair hour, I hope?

Enter Aminta.

Ism. From whence, Sir?

(you.

Am. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without desires to speak with

Ant. They were pretty homely Toys; but your Presence
Made them illustrious.

Ism. My Cousin speaks to you.

Am. A Gentlewoman, Sir, *Isabella*
She names her self.

Mar. So, so, it hits finely now.

Ant. Name your self how you please; speak what you please,
I'll hear you cheerfully

Ism. You are not well,
Request her in, she may have more acquaintance

With

With his Passions, and better cure for 'em.

Am. She's nice in that, Madam; poor Soul, it seems
She's fearful of your Displeasure.

Ism. I'll quit her

From that presently, and bring her in my self.

[Exit:

Mar. How carelessly do you behave your self,
When you should call all your best Faculties
'To counsel in you? how will you answer
The breach you made with fair *Ismenia*?

Have you forgot the retrograde Vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?

You'll die upon your shame, you need no more
Enemies of the House, but the Lady now:
You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that Face,

And I am satisfied, upon whose Shoulders

So e'er it grows; *Juno*, deliver us

Out of this amazement; Beseech you Goddess

Tell us of our Friends, how does *Ismenia*?

And how does *Isabella*? both in good Health

I hope, as you your self are. *Ism.* I am at farthest

In my counterfeit; my *Antonio*,

I have matter against you may need Pardon,

As I must crave of you. *Ant.* Observe you, Sir,

What Evidence is come against me? What think you

'The Hydra-headed Jury will say to't? *Mar.* 'Tis I am fool'd,

My Hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.

'Tis labour for the House of *Belides*;

I must not seem so yet; but in sooth, Lady,

Did you imagine your changeable Face

Hid you from me? By this Hand I knew you.

Ant. I went by the Face: and by these Eyes

I might have been deceived.

Ism. You might indeed, *Antonio*,

For this Gentleman did vow to *Isabella*,

That he it was that lov'd *Ismenia*,

And not *Antonio*. *Mar.* Good, was not that

A manifest Confession that I knew you?

I else had been unjust unto my Friend:

'Twas well remembred, there I found you out,

And speak your Conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest? *Ism.* Yes, I vow to you,

Had *Antonio* wedded *Isabella*, *Ismenia*

Had not been lost, there had been her Lover.

Ant. Why much good do you Friend; take her to you;

The Maid in the Mill.

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I crave but one, here have I my Wish full,
I am glad we shall be so near Neighbours.

Mar. Take both Sir, *Juno* to boot; three Parts in one,
St. Hilarie bless you, now Opportunity
Beware to meet with Falshood, if thou canst
Shun it, my Friends Faith's turning from him.

Ism. Might I not justly accuse *Antonio*
For a Love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confess Troth now?

Ant. Here was my Guide, where-e'er I find this Face,
I am a Lover, marry, I must not miss
This Freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this Dimple, nor a Silk from this Brow,
I carry the full Idea ever with me:

If Nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened. *Ism.* Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our Love must now
Come to our Enemies Hands, where neither Part
Will ever give Consent to't. *Ant.* Most certain:

For which Reason it must not be put to 'em:
Have we not Prevention in our own Hands?
Shall I walk by the Tree, desire the Fruit,
Yet be so nice to pull 'till I ask Leave
Of the churlish Gard'ner, that will deny me?

Ism. O *Antonio*! *Ant.* 'Tis manners to fall to
When Grace is said. *Ism.* That holy Act's to come.

Mar. You may ope an Oyster or two before Grace.

Ant. Are there not double Vows, as valuable
And as well spoke as any Friar utters?
Heav'n has heard all. *Ism.* Yes, but stays the Blessing,
'Till all dues be done; Heav'n is not serv'd by halves.
We shall have ne'er a Father's Blessing here,
Let us not lose the better from above.

Ant. You take up Weapons of unequal Force,
It shews you cowardly; hark in your Ear.

Amin. Have I lost all Employment? Would this Proffer
Had been to me, though I paid it
With a reasonable Penance. *Mar.* Have I past

All thy Fore-Lock, Time? I'll stretch a long Arm
But I'll catch hold again; do but look back
O'er thy Shoulder, and have a pull at thee.

Ism. I hear you, Sir, nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th' accustom'd Place
Of our Night-parley; if you can ascend,
The Window shall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.

F

Ant.

The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. I would meet no other Man. *Ism.* *Aminta*, you hear this.

Amin. With Joy, Madam, 'cause it pleases you.

It may be mine own Case another time:

Now you go the right way, ask the Banes out,

Put it past Father, or Friends, to forbid it,

And then you're sure. Sir, your *Hymen Taper*

I'll light up for you; the Window shall show you

The way to *Sestos*. *Ant.* I'll venture drowning.

Mar. The Simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.

You must ascend your Castle by a Ladder;

To the Foot I'll bring you. *Ant.* Leave me to climb it.

Mar. If I do turn you off? *Ant.* 'Till Night farewell:

Then better. *Ism.* Best it should be;

But peevish Hatred keeps back that Degree.

[*Exeunt.*

Mar. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:

And then beware: Knave is at worst of Knave

When he smiles best, and the most seems to save.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My Mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my Heart is not at home,
Only my Fears stay with me; bad Company,
But I cannot shift 'em off. This Hatred
Betwixt the House of *Belides* and us,
Is not fair War; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near Neighbours, were of Love as near,
Till a cross Misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconcil'd; it has lasted
Too many Sun-sets, if Grace might moderate:
Man should not lose so many Days of Peace.
To satisfy the Anger of one Minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The Knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no Comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. No, I must not. *Jul.* Ha, he's come.

Bust. I must not, 'twill break his Heart to hear it.

Jul. How? there's bad Tidings: I must obscure and hear it;
He will not tell me for breaking of my Heart.
'Tis half split already.

Bust. I have spy'd him: Now to knock down a Don with a Lie,
a silly harmless Lie; 'twill be valiantly done and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Bust

Bust. O the bloody Days that we live in ; the envious, malicious, deadly Days that we draw Breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Bust. The Children that ever shall be born may rue it, for Men that are slain now, might have liv'd to have got Children, that might have curs'd their Fathers.

Jul. Oh, my Posterity is ruin'd.

Bust. Oh sweet *Antonio*.

Jul. O dear *Antonio*.

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both Parts: When he and *Lisau-*
ro met.

Jul. Oh, Death has parted 'em.

Bust. Welcome my mortal Foe, says one; Welcome my deadly Enemy, says the other; off go their Doublets, they in their Shirt, and their Swords stark naked; here lyes *Antonio*, here lyes *Lisau-*
ro; he comes upon him with an *Emboccado*, that he puts by with a *puncta reversa*; *Lisau-*
ro recoils me two Paces and some six Inches back, takes his *Carriere*, and then on.

Jul. Oh.

Bust. Runs *Antonio* quite through.

Jul. Oh Villain.

Bust. Quite through between the Arm and the Body, so yet he had no Hurt at that Bout.

Jul. Goodness be prais'd.

Bust. But then, at next Encounter, he fetches me up *Lisau-*
ro; *Lisau-*
ro makes out a long at him, which he thinking to be a *Passado*, *Antonio*'s Foot slipping, down, oh down.

Jul. O now thou art lost.

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both Gentlemen, both *Spanish* Christians, yet one Man to shed.

Jul. Say his Enemies Blood.

Bust. His Hair, may come by divers Casualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe; but a Man to lose nine Ounces and two Drams of Blood at one Wound, thirteen and a Scruple at another, and to live 'till he die in cold Blood; yet the Surgeon, that cur'd him, said if *Pia Mater* had not been perish'd, he had been a live Man 'till this Day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Bust. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the Point.

Jul. Ay, the Point, that's deadly; the ancient Blow Over the Buckler, ne'er went half so deep.

Bust. Yet Pity bids me keep in my Charity; for me to pull an old Man's Ears from his Head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! No, be silent Tale. Farthermore, there is the Charge of Burial; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the least Finger dipt in his Blood, though ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. More-

over, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-plums and Sweet-breads; yet I say, the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Jul. What motly Stuff is this? Sirrah, speak Truth,
What hath befallen my dear *Antonio*?
Restrain your Pity in concealing it;
Tell me the Danger full; take off your Care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my Death; what thou keep'st back from Truth,
Thou shalt speak in Pain; do not look to find
A Limb in its right Place, a Bone unbroke,
Nor so much Flesh unbroid'd of all that Mountain,
As a Woman might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatch'd.

Bust. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a Man of God's making to this Hour, 'tis not two since I left him so.

Jul. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same Cloaths he had on when he went from you.

Jul. Does he live?

Bust. I saw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a Cut i'th' Leg by this time; for *Don Martin* and he were at whole flashes.

Jul. Met he not with *Lisauo*?

Bust. I do not know her.

Jul. Her? *Lisauo* is a Man, as he is.

Bust. I ne'er saw a Man like him.

Jul. Didst thou not discourse a Fight betwixt *Antonio* and *Lisauo*?

Bust. Ay, to my self; I hope a Man may give himself the Lie if it please him.

Jul. Didst thou lie then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it: When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten days at farthest.

Jul. Ten Days? he's not wont to be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not; he said he would not be at home to Morrow, but I love to speak within my Compass.

Jul. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this Fellow into Custody, keep him safe,
I charge you.

Bust. Safe? Do you hear? take notice what Plight you find me in, if there want but a Collop or a Stake o' me, look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in his Health to Morrow,
Thou goest to th' Rack.

Bust. Let me go to th' Manger first; I had rather eat Oats than
[*Exeunt.*
Enter

The Maid in the Mill.

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Enter Belides with a Letter.

Bel. By your leave, Sir.

Ful. For ought I know yet, you are welcome, Sir.

Bel. Read that, and tell me so; or if thy Spectacles be not easie,
Keep thy Nose unsadl'd, and ope thine Ears;
I can speak thee the Contents, I made 'em;
'Tis a Challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I scorn to hire my Second to deliver't,
I bring't my self: Dost know me, *Fulio*?

Ful. *Belides*?

Bel. Yes; is not thy Hair on end now?

Ful. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash Hardiness;
How durst thou come so near thine Enemy?

Bel. Durst?

I dare come nearer; thou art a Fool, *Fulio*.

Ful. Take it home to thee, with a Knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy Teeth again; and all that's quit:
Give me not a Fool more than I give thee,
Or if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Ful. What an Encounter's this? *Bel.* A noble one:
My Hand is to my Words, thou hast it there,
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st be
Good Friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee Coward.

Ful. Be Friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:

A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as should stand Examples of Discretion,
The rules of Grammar to unwilling Youth
To take out Lessons by; we that should check
And quench the raging Fire in others Bloods,
We strike the Battle to Destruction?

Read 'em the black Art? and make 'em believe
It is Divinity? Heathens are we not?

Speak thy Conscience, how hast thou slept this Month,
Since this Fiend haunted us? *Ful.* Sure some good Angel
Was with us both last Night: Speak thou Truth now,
Was it not last Night's motion? *Bel.* Dost not think

I would lay hold of it at first proffer?

Should I ne'er sleep again? *Ful.* Take not all from me;
I'll tell the Doctrine of my Vision.

Say that *Lisauo*, best of thy Blood,
Or any one, the least allied to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Antonio's* Sword,
Or any of the House of *Belides*?

Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on.

Ful. How would thine Eyes have emptied thee in Sorrow?

And

And left the Conduit of Nature dry?
Thy Hands have turn'd rebellious to the Balls;
And broke the Glasses, with thine own Curies
Have torn thy Soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next Posterity.

Bel. Yes, and thou Causer; so it said to me,
They fight but your Mitchiefs; the young Men were Friends,
As is the Life and Blood coagulate,
And curded in one Body; but this is yours,
An Inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A Legacy of Blood to kill each other
Througout your Generations. Was't not so?

Jul. Word for word. *Bel.* Nay, I can go farther yet.

Jul. 'Tis far enough; let us attone it here;
And in a reconciled Circle fold
Our Friendship new again. *Bel.* The Sign's in *Gemini*,
An auspicious House, 't has join'd both ours again.

Jul. You cannot proclaim me Coward now, Don *Belides*:

Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant Fellow, so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this Hug, to the last Leg
I have to stand on, or Breath or Life left.

Jul. This is the Salt unto Humanity,
And keeps it sweet.

Bel. Love! oh, Life stinks without it.
I can tell you News.

Jul. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some Proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epistle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my Daughter
Ismenia are very good Friends before us.

Jul. That were a double wall about our Houses,
Which I could wish were built. *Bel.* I had it
From *Antonio's* Intimate, Don *Martin*:

And yet, methought, it was no friendly Part
To shew it me. *Jul.* Perhaps 'twas his Consent;
Lovers have Policies as well as Statesmen:
They look not always at the Mark they aim at.

Bel. We'll take up Cudgels, and have one Bout with 'em,
They shall know nothing of this Union,
And till they find themselves most desperate,
Succour shall never see 'em. *Jul.* I'll take your part, Sir.

Bel. It grows late; there's a happy Day past us.

Jul. The Example I hope to all behind it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Aminta above with a Taper.

Amin. Stand fair, light of Love which Epithete and Place
Adds to thee Honour, to me it would be Shame.
We must be Weight in Love, no Grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his Darknefs?
Love is a Jewel (some say) inestimable,
But hung at the Ear deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not our selves.
I speak my Skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer Document;
Alas, the ignorant desire to know:
Some say Love's but a Toy, and with a but.
Now methinks I should love it ne'er the worse,
A Toy is harmless sure, and may be plaid with,
It seldom goes without his Adjunct, Pretty,
A pretty Toy we say, 'tis meeter to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad Night yet for all this,
Here's a Priest ready, and a Lady ready;
A Chamber ready, and a Bed ready,
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done:
My Lady is my Cousin; I my self;
Which is nearest then? My Desires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging Matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worser Cause,
I must go question with my Conscience:
I have the Word; Centinel, do thou stand,
'Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand.

[Exit.

Enter Antonio and Martin.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, thinkst thou, Friend?

Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir. *Ant.* There are that bite
And bark not, Man; methought I spy'd two Fellows
That through two Streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their Eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mar. Your Jealousie, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us, who knows
But about the like Business? But for your fears sake,
I'll advise and intreat one Courtesie,

Ant. What's that, Friend?

Mar. I will not be denied, Sir,
Change your upper Garments with me.

Ant. It needs not.

Mar.

Mar. I think so too, but I will have it so,
If you dare trust me with the better, Sir.

Ant. Nay then.

Mar. If there should be danger towards,
There will be the main Mark I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me. *Mar.* Tush, the General
Must be safe, howe'er the Battle goes.
See you the Beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes, we are near Shore.

Enter two Gentlemen with Weapons drawn, they set upon Martin:

Antonio pursues them out, in Rescue of Martin.

Mar. Come, land, land, you must clamber by the Cliff,
Here are no Stairs to rise by.

Ant. Ay, are you there?

[Fight, and Exeunt.]

Enter Aminta above, and Martin return'd again, ascends.

Amin. Antonio? *Mar.* Yes, Ismenia.

Amin. Thine own.

Mar. Quench the Light, thine Eyes are Guides illustrious?

Amin. 'Tis necessary.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Your Legs have sav'd your Lives, whoe'er you are.
Friend? *Martin?* where art thou? not hurt, I hope:

Sure I was farthest in the pursuit of 'em;

My Pleasures are forgotten through my Fears.

The Light's extinct, it was discreetly done;

They could not but have notice of the Broil,

And fearing that might call up Company,

Have carefully prevented, and closed up:

I do commend the heed, Oh, but my Friend,

I fear his Hurt: Friend? Friend? it cannot be

So mortal, that I should lose thee quite. Friend?

A Groan, any thing that may discover thee,

Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee:

I'll lay mine Ear as low as thou canst fall:

Friend, Don *Martin*, I must answer for thee,

'Twas in my Cause thou fell'st, if thou be'st down.

Such Dangers stand betwixt us and our Joys,

That should we forethink e'er we undertake,

We'd sit at home, and save. What a Night's here!

Purpos'd for so much Joy, and now dispos'd

To so much Wretchedness; I shall not rest in't:

If I had all my Pleasures there within,

I should not entertain 'em with a Smile.

Good night to you; Mine will be black and sad,

A Friend cannot, a Woman may be had.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. O Thou false.

Amin. Do your daring'st, he's mine own,
Soul and Body mine, Church and Chamber mine,
Totally mine.

Ism. Dar'st thou face thy Falshood?

Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my Wishes
Come home so sweetly? Farewel your Company
'Till y u be calmer, Woman.

[*Exit.*

Ism. Oh what a heap
Of Misery has one Night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your shame from me?
You're a blind Adulteress, you know you are.

Ism. How's that, *Antonio*? *Ant.* 'Till I have Vengeance,
Your Sin's not pardonable: I'll have him,
If Hell hide him not; you've had your last of him.

[*Exit.*

Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not,
He call'd me a foul Name, it was not mine,
He took me for another sure.

Enter Belides.

Bel. Ha? are you there?
Where's your Sweetheart? I have found you Traytor
To my House: wilt league with mine Enemy?
You'll shed his Blood, you'll say: hah? will you so?
And fight with you Heels upwards? No, Minion,
I have a Husband for you, since you're so rank,
And such a Husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio*?

Ism. It thunders with the Storm now. *Bel.* And to Night
I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it sure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maidenhead
Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an Out-cry: Go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, shough, up to your Coop, Pea-hen.

Ism. Then I'll try my Wings.

[*Exit.*

Bel. Ay, are you good at that? stop, stop Thief, stop there.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

First S O N G.

*Flo. Now having Leasure, and a happy Wind,
Thou mayst at Pleasure cause the Stones to grind,
Sails spread, and Grist here ready to be ground,
Fie, stand not idly, but let the Mill go round.*

*Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me,
And kiss my Hands? Flo. If I were high enough,
I would kiss your Lips too. Otr. Do, this is some kindness,
This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kiss
Still, but why o'th' sudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet Curtesies?
Even now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus
Prithee let me be prepar'd to meet thy Kindness,
I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, Wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your Blessings;
If this be Love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your Strictness to me,
It is so sudden, it wants Circumstance.*

Flo. Fye, how dull?

Second S O N G.

*How long shall I pine for Love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle-Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love stand still?
Shall the Grists of my Hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.*

*Otr. Prithee be calm a little,
Thou mak'st me wonder; thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious Rules to my Behaviour
But yesternight, thou that wert made of Modesty,
Shouldst in a few short Minntes turn thus desperate.*

*Flo. You are too cold. Otr. I do confess I freeze now,
I am another thing all over me:
It is my part to woo, not to be courted;
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a Wonder,
That now o'th' instant e'er I can expect,*

E'er

The Maid in the Mill.

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E'er I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest Carriage
From the desires of Youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond Expectation. *Flo.* I will tell ye,
And tell ye seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded.
I have no Modesty, I am truly wanton:
I am that you look for, Sir; now come up roundly:
If my strict Face and counterfeited Stateliness
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way,
And you should never have come to have known who hurt ye.
Perithee, sweet Count, be more familiar with me.
However we are open in our Natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't:
I saw you touch not at the bait of Chastity,
And that it grew distasteful to your Palate
To appear so holy, therefore I take my true shape:
Is your Bed ready, Sir? you shall quickly find me.

Third S O N G.

*On the Bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid, shall we be affraid
To try the Rights that belong to Love?
No, no, there I'll woo thee with a Crown,
Crown our Desires, kindle the fires,
When Love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
If thou com'st short, for thee I'll stay:
If thou unskilful art on the Ground,
I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.*

Orr. Are ye no Maid? *Flo.* Alas, my Lord, no certain;
I am sorry you are so innocent to think so.
Is this an Age for silly Maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They are peevish petty things, that hold no Game up,
No Pleasure neither, they are Sport for Surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:
A fair and easie way Men travel right in,
And with Delight, discourse, and twenty Pleasures;
They enjoy their Journey; mad Men creep thro' Hedges.

Orr. I am metamorphos'd; why do you appear,
I conjure ye, beyond Belief thus wanton?

The Maid in the Mill.

Flo. Because I would give ye Pleasure beyond belief.

Fourth S O N G.

*Think me still in my Father's Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my Back, on a well fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has still gone round-a:
Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.*

Orr. Then you have Traded?

Flo. Traded? how should I know else how to live, Sir,
And how to satisfy such Lords as you are,
Our best Guests and our richest?

Orr. How I shake now? You take no base Men?

Flo. Any that will offer,
All manner of Men, and all Religions, Sir,
We touch at in our time; all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

Fifth S O N G.

*The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er so unsound,
The Jew or the Turk have leave for to work,
The whilst that the Mill goes round.*

[*Orr.* You are a common thing then?

Flo. No matter, since you have your private Pleasure,
And have it by an Artist excellent.
Whether I am thus, or thus, your Men can tell ye.

Orr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on Ice? do I bite at such an Orange

After my Men? I am prefer'd. *Flo.* Why stay ye?

Why do we talk, my Lord, and lose our time?

Pleasure was made for Lips, and sweet Embraces,

Let Lawyers use their Tongues. Pardon my Modesty,

This desperate way must help; or I am miserable.

Orr. She turns, and wipes her Face, she weeps for certain.

Some new way now; she cannot be thus beastly,

She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:

She knows the Elements of common looseness,

The art of lewdness: That, that, that: how now, Sir?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The King, and't please your Lordship, is alighted
Close at the Gate. *Orr.* The King?

Ser. And calls for ye, Sir. Means to breakfast here too?

Flo.

The Maid in the Mill.

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Flo. Then I am happy.

Otr. Stol'n so suddenly? Go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not see her,
Lock her up closely, Sirrah, in my Closet.

Ser. I will, my Lord; what, does she yield yet?

Otr. Peace: She is either a damn'd Devil, or an Angel.
No noise, upon your life, Dame, but all silence.

[*Exit.*

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lilauro, and Terfo.

Otr. Your Majesty be p too much Honour on me,
With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude Pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the Rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd; the Gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet: What Rooms are these?

Otr. They are fluttish ones.

Phil. Nay I must see.

Otr. Pray ye do, Sir,
They are Lodging Chambers over a homely Garden.

Phil. Fit still and handsome; very well: and those?

Otr. Those lead to the other side o'th' House, and't like ye.

Phil. Let me see those.

Otr. Ye may, the Doors are open.
What would this View mean? I am half suspicious.

Phil. This little Room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a Place for trash, Sir,
For rubbish of the House.

Phil. I would see this too:
I will see all.

Otr. I beseech your Majesty,
The Savour of it, and the coarse Appearance.

Phil. 'Tis not so bad, you would not offend your House with it.
Come, let me see.

Otr. Faith, Sir.

Phil. I faith I will see.

Otr. My Groom has the Key, Sir, and 'tis ten to one——

Phil. But I will see it: Force the Lock, my Lords,
There be Smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep some rare things here, you would not show, Sir.

Florimel discover'd.

Ter. Here's a fair Maid indeed.

Phil. By my Faith is she;
A handsome Girl: Come forward, do not fear, Wench.
Ay marry, here's a Treasure worth concealing:
Call in the Miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd.
I confess all before the Miller come, Sir,

'Twas

'Twas but Intention, from all Act I am clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your Daughter?

Fra. Yes and't please your Highness,
This is the Shape of her; for her Substance, Sir,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonourable,
Whether she be a white Rose, or a Canker, is the Question.
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If she be for your Pace, you had best preserve her, Sir,
She is tender-mouth'd, let her be broken handsomely.

Phil. Maid, were you stolen?

Flo. I went not willingly,
And't please your Grace, I never was bred so boldly.

Phil. How has he us'd ye?

Flo. Yet, Sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure ye tell Truth; and be sure, my Lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if ye have, I tell ye
You have lost me, and your self too; speak again, Wench.

Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I am yet a Maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir:
Only I suffer'd under strong Temptations
The Heat of Youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no Whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd else,
I had been miserable, but I forgive ye.

Phil. What Recompence for this?

Orr. A great one, Sir,
First a Repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, Sweet.

Flo. I do, my Lord.

Orr. I thank ye;

The next take this, and these; all I have, *Florimel.*

Flo. No, good my Lord, these often corrupt Maidens,
I dare not touch at these, they are Lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me——

Orr. Any thing in my Power,
Or in my Purchase.

Flo. Take heed, noble Sir,
You'll make me a bold Asker.

Orr. Ask me freely.

Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
I have kept ye from a crying Sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your Credit,
That would have dy'd to all Posterity:
Curses of Maids shall never now afflict ye,

Nor

The Maid in the Mill.

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Nor Parents bitter Tears make your Name barren:
If he deserves well that redeems his Country,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
To be your Friend, that have preserv'd your Honour?

Orr. You are, and thus I take ye; thus I seal ye
Mine own, and only mine.

Phil. Count, she deserves ye,
And let it be my Happiness to give ye,
I have given a virtuous Maid, now I dare say it,
'Tis more than Blood; I'll pay her Portion, Sir,
And't shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll sell my Mill,
I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fiddlers,
And we'll have all i'th' Country at this Wedding:
Pray let me give her too; here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my Heart, and kiss her freely;
Would I could give you all this Hand has stoll'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The Wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.

Ver. She must have new Cloaths.

Tir. Yes.

Ver. Yes marrry must she.

If't please ye, Madam, let me see the State of your Body,
I'll fit you instantly.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet?

Ver. And't please your Grace, a Gown, a handsome Gown now,
An orient Gown.

Phil. Nay, take thy Pleasure of her.

Ver. Of Cloth of Tissew I can fit ye, Madam:
My Lords, stand out o'th' Light, a curious Body,
The neatest Body in *Spain* this Day; with embroider'd Flowers,
A clinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff,
To catch the Eye: I have a thousand Fashions.
O Sleeve, O Sleeve: I'll study all Night, Madam,
To magnifie your Sleeve.

Orr. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye have more time.

Flo. Make me no more than Woman,
And I am thine.

Orr. Sir, haply my Wardrobe with your Help
May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot;
But if the Fashion be not there, you marr her.

Enter

Enter Antonio, Constable and Officers.

Ant. Is my Offence so great, e'er I be convict,
To be torn with Rascals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild Horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that?

Con. This is a Man suspected of Murther, if it please your Grace.

Phil. It pleases me not, Friend; but who suspects him?

Con. We that are your Highness's extraordinary Officers,
We that have taken our Oaths to maintain you in Peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great Charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great Charge indeed; but then we call our Neighbours
to help us. This Gentleman and another were fallen out (yet that's
more than I am able to say, for I heard no Words between 'em,
but what their Weapons spoke, clash, and clatter) which we see-
ing, came with our Bills of Government, and first knock down their
Weapons, and then the Men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the Peace?

Con. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down to keep
the Peace: This we laid hold on, the other we set in the Stocks.
That I could do by mine own Power, without your Majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, Sir?

Con. I am a Shememaker by my Trade.

Amin. Oh my Husband!

Why stands my Husband as a Man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful.
I'll answer for him.

Ant. What Woman's this? what Husband? hold thy bawling,
I know thee for no Wife.

Amin. You married me last Night.

Ant. Thou liest: I neither was in Church nor House
Last Night, nor saw I thee; a thing that was my Friend,
I scorn to name now, was with *Ismenia*,
Like a Thief, and there he violated
A sacred Trust. This thou may'st know, *Aminta*.

Amin. Are not you he?

Ant. No, nor a Friend of his:
Would I had kill'd him; I hope I have.

Amin. That was my Husband, Royal Sir, that Man,
That excellent Man.

Enter Belides.

Ant. That Villain, that Thief.

Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken.
This in mine Enemy: Pardon, my Sovereign.

Phil. Good Charity, to crave Pardon for your Enemy.

Bel.

Bel. Mine own Pardon, Sir, for my Joy's Rudeness.
In what Place better could I meet my Foe,
And both of us so well provided too?
He with some black blood-thirsty Crime upon him,
That (e'er the Horse-leech burst) will suck him dry:
I with a second Accusation,
Enough to break his Neck, if need should be,
And then to have even Justice it self to right us:
How should I make my Joys a little civil,
They might not keep this Noise?

Ant. Here is some Hope.

Should the Ax be dull, the Halter's preparing.

Phil. What's your Accusation, Sir? We have heard the former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine, my Lord? A strong one.

Jul. A false one, Sir,

At least malicious; an Evidence
Of hatred and despight: He would accuse
My poor Kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw, the stealing of his Daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak *Antonio*, didst thou ever see her?

Ant. Yes, Sir, I have seen her.

Bel. Ah ha, Friend *Julio*.

Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful Eye,
An accidental View, as Men see Multitudes,
That the next day dare not precisely say
They saw that Face, or that, amongst 'em all.
Didst thou so look on her?

Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His Looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your Patience, Gentlemen.

I pray you tell me if I be in an Error,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some Show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it; pray you speak,
(It seems no more) Is't any thing but a Show?

Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my Daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough;
She's fled me, and I accuse this Thief for't.
Don *Martin*, his own Friend's my Testimony,
A practis'd Night-Work.

Phil. That *Martin's* the other
In your Custody; he was forgotten;
Fetch him hither,

Con. We'll bring the Stocks and all else, an't please your Grace.

Enter Bustopha and Ismenia.

Amin. That Man's my Husband certain, instead of this:
Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Bust. Soh hoh, Miller, Miller, look out Miller; Is there ne'er a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?

Fra. Yes, Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen, a Gentleman-Miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then; there went but a pair of Sheers and a Bodkin between us. Will you to Work, Miller? Here's a Maid has a Sackful of News for you: Shall your Stones walk? Will you grind, Miller?

Phil. This your Son, *Franio*?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my Rebel Son, my Lord.

Bust. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This Villain (of my own Flesh and Blood) was accessary
To the stealing of my Daughter.

Bust. Oh Mountain,
Shalt thou call a Molehil a Scab upon the Face
Of the Earth? Though a Man be a Thief, shall a Miller call
Him so? O egregious!

Jul. Remember, Sirrah, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a Miller,
A Thief in Grain; for he steals Corn: He that steals
A Wench, is a true Man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another Cause that was
in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly.
He that steals Corn, steals the Bread of the Common-Wealth;
He that steals a Wench, steals but the Flesh.

Phil. And how is the Bread stealing more criminal than the Flesh?

Bust. He that steals Bread, steals that which is lawful every Day:
He that steals Flesh, steals nothing from the fasting Day:

Ergo, to steal the Bread is the arranter Theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose.

Bust. Again, he that steals Flesh, steals for his own Belly-full:
He that steals Bread, robs the Guts of others:

Ergo, The arranter Thief the Bread-stealer:

Again, he that steals Flesh, steals once and gives over; yes, and
often pays for it; the other steals every day, without Satisfaction:
To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more capital Crime, for what he
steals he puts in at the Head: he that steals Flesh (as the *Dutch*
Author says) puts it in at the Foet (the lower Member.) Will
you go as you are now, Miller?

Phil. How has this satisfy'd you, *Don Belides*?

Bel.

The Maid in the Mill.

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Bel. Nothing, my Lord, my Cause is serious.
I claim a Daughter from that loving Thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ah ha, *Julio*.

Jul. How said you, *Antonio*? Wish you you had his Daughter?

Ant. With my Soul I wish her; and my Body
Shall perish, but I'll enjoy my Soul's Wish.
I would have slain my Friend for his Deceit,
But I do find his own Deceit hath paid him.

Jul. Will you vex my Soul forth? no other Choice
But where my Hate is rooted? Come hither, Girl,
Whose pretty Maid art thou?

Ism. The Child of a poor Man, Sir.

Jul. The better for it. With my Sovereign's Leave,
I'll wed thee to this Man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love Enforcer,
I use no Power of mine unto these Ends.

Jul. Wilt thou have him?

Ism. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewel all other Beauties,
I settle here; You are *Ismenia*.

Ism. The same I was; better, nor worse, *Antonio*.

Ant. I shall have your Consent here, I'm sure, Sir.

Bel. With all my Heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this Kindness to mine Enemy,
And give her as a Father.

Ant. She'll thank you as Daughter.
Will you not, *Ismenia*?

Bel. How? *Ismenia*?

Ism. Your Daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is't possible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you had caught the old ones; you wade, you wade
In shallow Fords, we can swim, we; look here,
We made the Match; we are all Friends, good Friends:
Thin, thin; why the Fool knew all this, this Fool.

Bust. Keep that to your self, Sir; what I knew I knew: This
Sack is a Witness, Miller, this is not for your thumming, here's
gold Lace; you may see her in her Holiday Cloaths if you will; I
was her Wardrobe Man.

Enter Martin, Aminta, Constable and Officers.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.

Mar. Did you speak to me, Sir?

(Ears.)

Ant. It might seem to you, *Martin*, your Conscience has quick

Mar. My Sight was a little dim i'th' Dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better Understander now,

I know my Wife wants nothing of a Woman;
There you're my *Junior*.

Ant. You are not hurt?

Mar. Not shrewdly hurt; I have good Flesh to heal, you see,
Good round Flesh: these Cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack Stones and all; I should not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the Weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mar. A little scratch; but I shall claw it off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free Conscience: My Liege, your Pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this Woman?

Fra. I best, my Lord.

I have been acquainted with her these forty Summers,
And as many Winters, were it Spring again;
She's like the Gout, I can get no cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio*?

Fra. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed, my Lord,
A painful stich to my side; Would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your silence.

Bust. Will you be older and older every day than other? the longer you live the older still? Must his Majesty command your Silence, e'er you'll hold your Tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
Pray Sir, will you be silent?

Bust. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but Age will have his course, and his weaknesses.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his Follies, as I may say, that cannot hold his Tongue e'er he be bidden.

Phil. Why Sirrah?

Bust. But I believe your Majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that Woman has something to confels will hang them

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Destiny upon you, (both;
If you cease not the sooner.

Bust. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves me that I should call that Man Father, that should be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his Tongue.

Phil. To th' Porter's Lodge with him.

Bust. I thank your Grace, I have a Friend there.

Phil. Speak Woman, if any interruption meet thee more, it shall be punish'd sharply.

Gil.

The Maid in the Mill.

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Gill. Good my Liege, I dare not,
Ask you the question why that old Man weeps.

Phil. Who? Count *Julio*? I observ'd it not.
You hear the question, Sir, will you give the cause?

Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get passage,
It is a Sorrow of that greatness grown,
'Less it dissolve in Tears, and come by Parcels.

Gill. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You lost a Daughter.

Jul. 'Twas that recounted Thought brought forth these Sorrows.

Gill. She's found again. Know you this Mantle, Sir?

Jul. Hah?

Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.

This did enwrap your Child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when Nurse *Amaranta*,

In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*,
Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,

She was the Ravin's Prey; as Heav'n so would,

He with his booty fill'd, forsook the Babe;

All this was in my sight; and so long I saw,

Until the cruel Creature left my sight,

At which advantage I adventur'd me

To rescue the sweet Lamb: I did it, Sir,

And ever since I have kept back your Joy,

And made it mine: but Age hath wearied me,

And bids me back restore unto the Owner

What I unjustly kept these fourteen Years.

Jul. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many Years from me,
And made me young as was her Birth-day to me.

Oh, good my Liege, give my Joys a pardon,

I must go pour a blessing on my Child,

Which here would be too rude and troublesome.

[*Ex.*

Phil. *Franio*, you knew this before.

Bust. Oh, oh; *Item* for you, Miller.

Fra. I did, my Liege, I must confess I did,
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that Woman's Tongue begun to me:
We poor one's love, and would have Comforts, Sir,
As well as great; this is no strange fault, Sir,
There's many Men keep other Men's Children,
As though they were their own.

Bust. It may stretch farther yet, I beseech you, my Liege, let this
Woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words of her Consci-
ence be arch'd, I would know how she came by me: I am a lost
Child, if I be theirs, though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet
I have ever a mind, methought, to be a greater Man.

Phil.

The Maid in the Mill.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gill. Ay, ay, Boy; thou art mine own Flesh and Blood, born of mine own Body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a Body should bear me; There's no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my Father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he Knight, Squire, or Captain; less he should not be.

Gill. Thou art my own Child, Boy.

Bust. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldst thou make thy Mother a Whore, Knave?

Bust. Ay, if she make me a Bastard. The Rack must make her confess, my Lord, I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful Mind in me sure; methinks I do scorn poor Folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day:
Love yoked with Love, the best Equality,
Without the level of Estate or Person.

Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully,
We'll be akin too; Brother and Sister
Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Bust. Thank you, Uncle, my Sister is my Cousin yet at the last cast: Farewel, Sister foster. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another manner of Husband than thou hast, but much good do thee; I'll dance at thy Wedding, Kiss the Bride and so.

Jul. Why, how now, Sirrah?

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my Sister.

It was a Miller and a Lord

That had a Scabbard and a Sword,

He put it up in the Country word,

The Miller and his Daughter.

She has a Face, and she can sing,

She has a Grace, and she can spring,

She has a Place with another thing,

Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish Brother of yours, my Lord.

Bust. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor, noble Brother.

Otr. You may, there he is: mine, newly entertain'd. (Lady

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir, I fitted the

Bust. My Sister, Tailor? what fits her will hardly fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you, Sir, the Tailor can do both.

Bust. You have a true Yard, Tailor.

Ver. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust.

The Maid in the Mill.

Bnst. Then, Tailor, march with with we away,
I scorn these Robes, I must be gay,
My noble Brother he shall pay

Tom Tailor.

Phil. Your recover'd Friendships are found, Gentlemen? *[Exeunt]*
Bel. At Heart, at Heart, my Lord, the Worm shall not
Beyond many Ages find a Breach to enter at.

Phil. These Lovers Unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our Progress then,
To be the Witness of such fair Accords?
Come, now we'll eat with you, my Lord *Otrante*,
'Tis a Charge fav'd; you must not grudge your Guest,
'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feast.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

FINIS.



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